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Julius Caesar

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CAIUS JULIUS CÆSAR

[See note, page 108]

The Barnes English Texts

THE TRAGEDY OF JULIUS CAESAR

By WILLIAM SHAKSPERE

EDITED FOR THE USE OF SCHOOLS

BY

CHARLES ADDISON DAWSON, Ph.D.

HEAD OF THE ENGLISH DEPARTMENT, CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL
SYRACUSE, N.Y.

"So have I seen when Caesar would appear,
And on the stage at half-sword parley were
Brutus and Cassius: Oh! how the audience
Were ravish'd, with what wonder went they thence."

Leonard Digges. (1640)

NEW YORK
THE A. S. BARNES COMPANY
1913

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INTRODUCTION

"A PLAY is a story devised to be presented by actors on a stage before an audience." [1] This sentence furnishes the clue to the fruitful method of studying Shakspere in schools. Whenever possible, as a climax to the study, the play, in part or entire, should be presented on the school stage. One or two scenes may be done in the usual class hour. It is not necessary that all the parts should be memorized, but such work should be done as shall leave upon the class an impression of the "action" and the various "pictures" demanded by the conventions of the present day stage. In this connection the "business" suggested by Shakspere's lines will appear, and the use and meaning of many apparently meaningless phrases will become clear to the pupils, as never in the usual class-room exercise.

It is of the first importance that pupils should get a clear notion of what makes a play. What do we mean by calling *Julius Cæsar*, out of all doubt, an excellent, popular play? A first answer is indicated by the fact that it needs no great number of textual notes. In the second place, the story is of that gripping, conflict sort that embodies our common notion of "dramatic," — "no struggle, no drama." [2] Then, the dramatist has combined and moulded his material with a fine regard for the demands of a stage to which a box-office is attached. In other words, he

[1] Clayton Hamilton, "The Theory of the Theatre," p. 1.

[2] But compare William Archer, "Play-Making," p. 31 ff.

has so fashioned a great human story that it conveys itself to the eyes and ears of a theater full of people and makes them come again. The play contains two or three supreme conflict scenes for which alone spectators are content to sit through the entire performance. Again, with a notable restraint, the play combines the crowd and the procession, always loved by the people, with the proper dramatic action of smaller groups of actors. Finally, the speech clothing of all this action satisfies the reader, both in sound and in thought.

The "apparatus" in this edition has been arranged with the purpose of aiding this sort of study of *Julius Cæsar*. The heavy brackets in the text indicate the portions that may well be omitted in presentation. Suggestions for reading and simple staging will be found in Appendix I. Rather more space than is usual in school editions has been given to note and comment from the actor's and reader's point of view. (App. II, and Notes.) The text of *Julius Cæsar* presents no serious problems. In the present edition numerous readings of the First Folio, commonly altered in modern texts, have been retained, either because the emended reading seems to give no better "sense," or because the Folio reading is sufficiently plain and clearly better suited to oral reading. Words seeming to need special explanation are gathered together in a Glossary. Sources used in the preparation of the book are sufficiently indicated where citations are made.

C. A. D.

Syracuse, N.Y., June, 1913.

THE TRAGEDY OF JULIUS CÆSAR

THE PERSONS IN THE PLAY

JULIUS CÆSAR.

OCTAVIUS CÆSAR,
MARCUS ANTONIUS,
M. ÆMILIUS LEPIDUS, } *Triumvirs after the death of* Julius Cæsar.

CICERO.

PUBLIUS,
POPILIUS LENA, } *Senators.*

MARCUS BRUTUS,
CASSIUS,
CASCA,
CINNA,
TREBONIUS,
LIGARIUS,
DECIUS BRUTUS,
METELLUS CIMBER, } *Conspirators against* Julius Cæsar.

FLAVIUS,
MARULLUS, } *Tribunes and enemies to* Julius Cæsar.

ARTEMIDORUS, *a teacher of Rhetoric.*

CINNA, *a Poet; another* Poet; *a* Soothsayer.

TITINIUS,
MESSALA,
Young CATO,
LUCILIUS,
VOLUMNIUS, } *Friends to* Brutus *and* Cassius.

VARRO,
CLITUS,
CLAUDIUS,
STRATO,
LUCIUS,
DARDANIUS, } *Servants to* Brutus.

PINDARUS, *Servant to* Cassius.

A Carpenter
A Cobbler

CALPURNIA, *wife to* Cæsar.

PORTIA, *wife to* Brutus.

Senators, Citizens, Guards, Attendants, etc.

SCENE — ROME; SARDIS; *and near* PHILIPPI.

THE TRAGEDY OF JULIUS CÆSAR

ACT I

Scene I

Rome. A street

Enter Flavius, Marullus, *and certain Commoners over the stage*

Flav. Hence! home, you idle creatures, get you home:
Is this a holiday? What! know you not,
Being mechanical, you ought not walk
Upon a laboring-day without the sign
Of your profession? — Speak, what trade art thou?

Car. Why, sir, a carpenter.

Mar. Where is thy leather apron, and thy rule?
What dost thou with thy best apparel on?
You, sir, what trade are you?

Cob. Truly, sir, in respect of a fine workman, I am but, as you would say, a cobbler.

Mar. But what trade art thou? Answer me directly.

Cob. A trade, sir, that I hope I may use with a safe conscience; which is, indeed, sir, a mender of bad soles.

Mar. What trade, thou knave? thou naughty knave, what trade?

Cob. Nay, I beseech you, sir, be not out with me; yet, if you be out, sir, I can mend you.

Mar. What meanest thou by that? Mend me, thou saucy fellow?

Cob. Why, sir, cobble you.

Flav. Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

Cob. Truly, sir, all that I live by is with the awl: I meddle with no tradesman's matters, nor women's matters; but withal I am, indeed, sir, a surgeon to old shoes; when they are in great danger, I recover them. As proper men as ever trod upon neat's-leather have gone upon my handiwork.

Flav. But wherefore art not in thy shop to-day? Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

Cob. Truly, sir, to wear out their shoes, to get myself into more work. But, indeed, sir, we make holiday, to see Cæsar and to rejoice in his triumph.

Mar. Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings he home?
What tributaries follow him to Rome,
To grace in captive bonds his chariot wheels?
You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!
O you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,
Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft
Have you climbed up to walls and battlements,
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,
Your infants in your arms, and there have sat
The livelong day, with patient expectation,
To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome:

And when you saw his chariot but appear,
Have you not made an universal shout,
That Tiber trembled underneath her banks
To hear the replication of your sounds,
Made in her concave shores?
And do you now put on your best attire?
And do you now cull out a holiday?
And do you now strew flowers in his way
That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?
Be gone!
Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
Pray to the gods to intermit the plague
That needs must light on this ingratitude.
Flav. Go, go, good countrymen, and, for this fault,
Assemble all the poor men of your sort;
Draw them to Tiber banks, and weep your tears
Into the channel, till the lowest stream
Do kiss the most exalted shores of all.
[*Exeunt* Citizens.
See, whe'r their basest mettle be not moved;
They vanish tongue-tied in their guiltiness.
[Go you down that way towards the Capitol;
This way will I. Disrobe the images,
If you do find them decked with ceremonies.
Mar. May we do so?
You know it is the feast of Lupercal.
Flav. It is no matter; let no images
Be hung with Cæsar's trophies. I'll about,
And drive away the vulgar from the streets:
So do you too, where you perceive them thick.
These growing feathers plucked from Cæsar's wing

Will make him fly an ordinary pitch,
Who else would soar above the view of men,
And keep us all in servile fearfulness. [*Exeunt.*]

[Scene II]

A public place

Enter Cæsar; Antony, *for the course;* Calpurnia, Portia, Decius, Cicero, Brutus, Cassius, Casca, *and a* Soothsayer; *a great crowd following. After them* Marullus *and* Flavius.

Cæs. Calpurnia.
Casca. Peace, ho! Cæsar speaks. [*Music ceases.*
Cæs. Calpurnia.
Cal. Here, my lord.
Cæs. Stand you directly in Antonius' way,
When he doth run his course. Antonius.
Ant. Cæsar, my lord.
Cæs. Forget not, in your speed, Antonius,
To touch Calpurnia; for our elders say,
The barren, touchèd in this holy chase,
Shake off their sterile curse.
Ant. I shall remember:
When Cæsar says "Do this," it is performed.
Cæs. Set on; and leave no ceremony out. [*Music.*
Sooth. Cæsar.
Cæs. Ha! who calls?
Casca. Bid every noise be still: peace yet again.
[*Music ceases.*
Cæs. Who is it in the press that calls on me?
I hear a tongue, shriller than all the music,
Cry "Cæsar." Speak; Cæsar is turned to hear.

Sooth. Beware the ides of March.
Cæs. What man is that?
Bru. A soothsayer bids you beware the ides of March.
Cæs. Set him before me; let me see his face.
Cas. Fellow, come from the throng: look upon Cæsar.
Cæs. What say'st thou to me now? Speak once again.
Sooth. Beware the ides of March.
Cæs. He is a dreamer; let us leave him: pass.
[*Sennet. Exeunt all but* Brutus *and* Cassius.
Cas. Will you go see the order of the course?
Bru. Not I.
Cas. I pray you, do.
Bru. I am not gamesome: I do lack some part
Of that quick spirit that is in Antony.
Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires;
I'll leave you.
Cas. Brutus, I do observe you now of late:
I have not from your eyes that gentleness
And show of love as I was wont to have:
You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand
Over your friend that loves you.
Bru. Cassius,
Be not deceived: if I have veiled my look,
I turn the trouble of my countenance
Merely upon myself. Vexèd I am,
Of late, with passions of some difference,
Conceptions only proper to myself,
Which give some soil, perhaps, to my behaviors;
But let not therefore my good friends be grieved —

Among which number, Cassius, be you one —
Nor cónstrue any further my neglect,
Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,
Forgets the shows of love to other men.

Cas. Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your passion;
By means whereof this breast of mine hath buried
Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.
Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face?

Bru. No, Cassius: for the eye sees not itself
But by reflection, by some other things.

Cas. 'Tis just;
And it is very much lamented, Brutus,
That you have no such mirrors as will turn
Your hidden worthiness into your eye,
That you might see your shadow. I have heard,
Where many of the best respect in Rome —
Except immortal Cæsar — speaking of Brutus,
And groaning underneath this age's yoke,
Have wished that noble Brutus had his eyes.

Bru. Into what dangers would you lead me, Cassius,
That you would have me seek into myself
For that which is not in me?

Cas. Therefore, good Brutus, be prepared to hear:
And, since you know you cannot see yourself
So well as by reflection, I, your glass,
Will modestly discover to yourself
That of yourself which you yet know not of.
And be not jealous on me, gentle Brutus:
Were I a common laughter, or did use
To stale with ordinary oaths my love

To every new protester: if you know
That I do fawn on men, and hug them hard,
And after scandal them; or if you know
That I profess myself in banqueting
To all the rout, then hold me dangerous.
[*Flourish and shout.*
Bru. What means this shouting? I do fear the people
Choose Cæsar for their king.
Cas. Ay, do you fear it?
Then must I think you would not have it so.
Bru. I would not, Cassius; yet I love him well.
But wherefore do you hold me here so long?
What is it that you would impart to me?
If it be aught toward the general good,
Set honor in one eye, and death i' the other,
And I will look on both indifferently:
For let the gods so speed me as I love
The name of honor more than I fear death.
Cas. I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,
As well as I do know your outward favor.
Well, honor is the subject of my story.
I cannot tell what you and other men
Think of this life; but, for my single self,
I had as lief not be as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself.
I was born free as Cæsar; so were you:
We both have fed as well, and we can both
Endure the winter's cold as well as he:
For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores,
Cæsar said to me, "Darest thou, Cassius, now

Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point?" Upon the word,
Accoutred as I was, I plungèd in,
And bade him follow: so, indeed, he did.
The torrent roared; and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews, throwing it aside
And stemming it with hearts of controversy.
But ere we could arrive the point proposed,
Cæsar cried, "Help me, Cassius, or I sink!"
I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
The old Anchises bear, so from the waves of Tiber
Did I the tired Cæsar: and this man
Is now become a god; and Cassius is
A wretched creature, and must bend his body,
If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.
He had a fever when he was in Spain,
And when the fit was on him I did mark
How he did shake: 'tis true, this god did shake;
His coward lips did from their color fly;
And that same eye whose bend doth awe the world
Did lose his lustre: I did hear him groan:
Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans
Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,
Alas! it cried, "Give me some drink, Titinius,"
As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me,
A man of such a feeble temper should
So get the start of the majestic world,
And bear the palm alone. [*Shout. Flourish.*

Bru. Another general shout!
I do believe that these applauses are
For some new honors that are heaped on Cæsar.

Cas. Why man, he doth bestride the narrow world,
Like a Colossus, and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
To find ourselves dishonorable graves.
Men at some time are masters of their fates:
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
Brutus and *Cæsar:* what should be in that *Cæsar?*
Why should that name be sounded more than yours?
Write them together, yours is as fair a name;
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;
Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with 'em,
Brutus will start a spirit as soon as *Cæsar.* [*Shout.*
Now in the names of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,
That he is grown so great? Age, thou art shamed!
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!
When went there by an age, since the great flood,
But it was famed with more than with one man?
When could they say, till now, that talked of Rome,
That her wide walls encompassed but one man?
Now is it Rome indeed, and room enough,
When there is in it but one only man.
O! you and I have heard our fathers say
There was a Brutus once that would have brooked
The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome,
As easily as a king.

Bru. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous:
What you would work me to, I have some aim;
How I have thought of this, and of these times,

I shall recount hereafter; for this present,
I would not, so with love I might entreat you,
Be any further moved. What you have said
I will consider; what you have to say
I will with patience hear: and find a time
Both meet to hear and answer such high things.
[Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this:
Brutus had rather be a villager
Than to repute himself a son of Rome
Under these hard conditions as this time
Is like to lay upon us.

Cas. I am glad that my weak words
Have struck but thus much show of fire from Brutus.

Enter Cæsar *and his* Train

Bru.] The games are done, and Cæsar is returning.

Cas. As they pass by, pluck Casca by the sleeve;
And he will, after his sour fashion, tell you
What hath proceeded worthy note to-day.

Bru. I will do so: but look you, Cassius,
The angry spot doth glow on Cæsar's brow,
And all the rest look like a chidden train:
[Calpurnia's cheek is pale; and Cicero
Looks with such ferret and such fiery eyes,
As we have seen him in the Capitol,
Being crossed in conference by some senators.]

Cas. Casca will tell us what the matter is.

Cæs. Antonius.

Ant. Cæsar?

Cæs. Let me have men about me that are fat;
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights:

Yond Cassius has a lean and hungry look;
He thinks too much: such men are dangerous.
Ant. Fear him not, Cæsar; he's not dangerous;
He is a noble Roman, and well given.
Cæs. Would he were fatter; but I fear him not:
Yet if my name were liable to fear,
I do not know the man I should avoid
So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much;
He is a great observer, and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men: he loves no plays,
As thou dost, Antony: he hears no music:
Seldom he smiles; and smiles in such a sort
As if he mocked himself, and scorned his spirit
That could be moved to smile at any thing.
Such men as he be never at heart's ease
Whiles they behold a greater than themselves;
And therefore are they very dangerous.
I rather tell thee what is to be feared
Than what I fear, for always I am Cæsar.
Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,
And tell me truly what thou think'st of him.
Sennet. Exeunt Cæsar *and his train.* Casca *stays.*
Casca. You pulled me by the cloak: would you speak with me?
Bru. Ay, Casca; tell us what hath chanced to-day,
That Cæsar looks so sad?
Casca. Why, you were with him, were you not?
Bru. I should not then ask Casca what had chanced.
Casca. Why, there was a crown offered him: and being offered him, he put it by with the back of his hand, thus; and then the people fell a-shouting.

Bru. What was the second noise for?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Cas. They shouted thrice: what was the last cry for?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Bru. Was the crown offered him thrice?

Casca. Ay, marry, was't, and he put it by thrice, every time gentler than other; and at every putting by, mine honest neighbors shouted.

Cas. Who offered him the crown?

Casca. Why, Antony.

Bru. Tell us the manner of it, gentle Casca.

Casca. I can as well be hanged as tell the manner of it: it was mere foolery; I did not mark it. I saw Mark Antony offer him a crown; yet, 'twas not a crown neither, 'twas one of these coronets; and, as I told you, he put it by once; but, for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offered it to him again; then he put it by again: but, to my thinking, he was very loth to lay his fingers off it. And then he offered it the third time; he put it the third time by: and still as he refused it, the rabblement shouted, and clapped their chopped hands, and threw up their sweaty night-caps, and uttered such a deal of stinking breath because Cæsar refused the crown that it had almost choked Cæsar; for he swounded, and fell down at it: and for mine own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips and receiving the bad air.

Cas. But, soft, I pray you: what, did Cæsar swound?

Casca. He fell down in the market-place, and foamed at mouth, and was speechless.

Bru. 'Tis very like: he hath the falling-sickness.

Cas. No, Cæsar hath it not; but you and I,
And honest Casca, we have the falling-sickness.

Casca. I know not what you mean by that; but, I am sure Cæsar fell down. If the tag-rag people did not clap him and hiss him, according as he pleased and displeased them, as they use to do the players in the theatre, I am no true man.

Bru. What said he when he came unto himself?

Casca. Marry, before he fell down, when he perceived the common herd was glad he refused the crown, he plucked me ope his doublet, and offered them his throat to cut. And I had been a man of any occupation, if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might go to hell among the rogues. And so he fell. When he came to himself again, he said, if he had done or said any thing amiss, he desired their worships to think it was his infirmity. Three or four wenches, where I stood, cried "Alas, good soul!" and forgave him with all their hearts: but there's no heed to be taken of them; if Cæsar had stabbed their mothers, they would have done no less.

Bru. And after that he came thus sad away?

Casca. Ay.

Cas. Did Cicero say any thing?

Casca. Ay, he spoke Greek.

Cas. To what effect?

Casca. Nay, and I tell you that I'll ne'er look you i' the face again: but those that understood him smiled at one another, and shook their heads: but, for mine own part, it was Greek to me. I could tell

you more news too: Marullus and Flavius, for pulling scarfs off Cæsar's images, are put to silence. Fare you well. There was more foolery yet, if I could remember it.

Cas. Will you sup with me to-night, Casca?

Casca. No, I am promised forth.

Cas. Will you dine with me to-morrow?

Casca. Ay, if I be alive, and your mind hold, and your dinner worth the eating.

Cas. Good; I will expect you.

Casca. Do so; farewell both. [*Exit.*

Bru. What a blunt fellow is this grown to be! He was quick mettle when he went to school.

Cas. So is he now, in execution
Of any bold or noble enterprise,
However he puts on this tardy form.
This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,
Which gives men stomach to digest his words
With better appetite.

Bru. And so it is. For this time I will leave you:
To-morrow, if you please to speak with me,
I will come home to you; or, if you will,
Come home to me, and I will wait for you.

Cas. I will do so: till then, think of the world.
[*Exit Brutus.*

Well, Brutus, thou art noble; yet, I see
Thy honorable mettle may be wrought
From that it is disposed: therefore 'tis meet
That noble minds keep ever with their likes:
For who so firm that cannot be seduced?
Cæsar doth bear me hard: but he loves Brutus:
If I were Brutus now, and he were Cassius,

He should not humor me. I will this night,
In several hands, in at his windows throw,
As if they came from several citizens,
Writings all tending to the great opinion
That Rome holds of his name; wherein obscurely
Cæsar's ambition shall be glancèd at;
And, after this, let Cæsar seat him sure;
For we will shake him, or worse days endure. [*Exit.*

[Scene III]

A street

[*Thunder and lightning. Enter, from opposite sides,* Casca, *with his sword drawn, and* Cicero.

Cic. Good even, Casca: brought you Cæsar home?
Why are you breathless? and why stare you so?
Casca. Are not you moved, when all the sway of earth
Shakes like a thing infirm? O Cicero,
I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds
Have rived the knotty oaks; and I have seen
The ambitious ocean swell and rage and foam,
To be exalted with the threatening clouds:
But never till to-night, never till now,
Did I go through a tempest dropping fire.
Either there is a civil strife in heaven,
Or else the world, too saucy with the gods,
Incenses them to send destruction.
Cic. Why, saw you any thing more wonderful?
Casca. A common slave — you know him well by sight —
Held up his left hand, which did flame and burn

Like twenty torches joined; and yet his hand,
Not sensible of fire, remained unscorched.
Besides — I ha' not since put up my sword —
Against the Capitol I met a lion,
Who glared upon me, and went surly by
Without annoying me: and there were drawn
Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women,
Transformèd with their fear, who swore they saw
Men all in fire walk up and down the streets.
And yesterday the bird of night did sit,
Even at noonday, upon the market-place,
Hooting and shrieking. When these prodigies
Do so conjointly meet, let not men say,
"These are their reasons, — they are natural;"
For, I believe, they are portentous things
Unto the climate that they point upon.

Cic. Indeed, it is a strange-disposèd time:
But men may cónstrue things after their fashion,
Clean from the purpose of the things themselves.
Comes Cæsar to the Capitol to-morrow?

Casca. He doth; for he did bid Antonius
Send word to you he would be there to-morrow.

Cic. Good night, then, Casca: this disturbèd sky
Is not to walk in.

Casca. Farewell, Cicero. [*Exit* Cicero.

Enter Cassius

Cas. Who's there?

Casca. A Roman.

Cas. Casca, by your voice.

Casca. Your ear is good. Cassius, what night is this!

Cas. A very pleasing night to honest men.

Casca. Who ever knew the heavens menace so?

Cas. Those that have known the earth so full of faults.

For my part, I have walked about the streets,
Submitting me unto the perilous night;
And, thus unbracèd, Casca, as you see,
Have bared my bosom to the thunder-stone:
And when the cross blue lightning seemed to open
The breast of heaven, I did present myself
Even in the aim and very flash of it.

Casca. But wherefore did you so much tempt the heavens?
It is the part of men to fear and tremble,
When the most mighty gods, by tokens, send
Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.

Cas. You are dull, Casca; and those sparks of life
That should be in a Roman you do want,
Or else you use not. You look pale and gaze
And put on fear and cast yourself in wonder,
To see the strange impatience of the heavens:
But, if you would consider the true cause
Why all these fires, why all these gliding ghosts,
Why birds and beasts from quality and kind;
Why, old men, fools, and children calculate
Why all these things change from their ordinance,
Their natures, and pre-formèd faculties,
To monstrous quality; why, you shall find
That heaven hath infused them with these spirits,
To make them instruments of fear and warning
Unto some monstrous state.
Now could I, Casca, name to thee a man
Most like this dreadful night;

That thunders, lightens, open graves, and roars
As doth the lion in the Capitol;
A man no mightier than thyself or me
In personal action; yet prodigious grown
And fearful, as these strange eruptions are.

Casca. 'Tis Cæsar that you mean; is it not, Cassius?

Cas. Let it be who it is: for Romans now
Have thews and limbs like to their ancestors;
But, woe the while! our fathers' minds are dead,
And we are governed with our mothers' spirits;
Our yoke and sufferance show us womanish.

Casca. Indeed, they say the senators to-morrow
Mean to establish Cæsar as a king:
And he shall wear his crown by sea and land,
In every place, save here in Italy.

Cas. I know where I will wear this dagger then;
Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius.
Therein, ye gods, you make the weak most strong;
Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat:
Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit:
But life, being weary of these worldly bars,
Never lacks power to dismiss itself.
If I know this, know all the world besides,
That part of tyranny that I do bear
I can shake off at pleasure. [*Thunder still.*

Casca. So can I:
So every bondman in his own hand bears
The power to cancel his captivity.

Cas. And why should Cæsar be a tyrant, then?
Poor man! I know he would not be a wolf,
But that he sees the Romans are but sheep:
He were no lion, were not Romans hinds.
Those that with haste will make a mighty fire
Begin it with weak straws: what trash is Rome,
What rubbish, and what offal, when it serves
For the base matter to illuminate
So vile a thing as Cæsar! But, O grief,
Where hast thou led me? I perhaps speak this
Before a willing bondman: then I know
My answer must be made: but I am armed,
And dangers are to me indifferent.

Casca. You speak to Casca; and to such a man
That is no fleering tell-tale. Hold, my hand:
Be factious for redress of all these griefs;
And I will set this foot of mine as far
As who goes farthest.

Cas. There's a bargain made.
Now know you, Casca, I have moved already
Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans
To undergo with me an enterprise
Of honorable dangerous consequence;
And I do know by this they stay for me
In Pompey's porch: for now, this fearful night,
There is no stir or walking in the streets;
And the complexion of the element
In favor's like the work we have in hand,
Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.

Enter Cinna

Casca. Stand close awhile, for here comes one in haste.

Cas. 'Tis Cinna; I do know him by his gait;
He is a friend. Cinna, where haste you so?
Cin. To find out you. Who's that? Metellus Cimber?
Cas. No, it is Casca; one incorporate
To our attempts. Am I not stayed for, Cinna?
Cin. I am glad on't. What a fearful night is this!
There's two or three of us have seen strange sights.
Cas. Am I not stayed for? Tell me.
Cin. Yes, you are.
O Cassius, if you could
But win the noble Brutus to our party —
Cas. Be you content. Good Cinna, take this paper,
And look you lay it in the prætor's chair,
Where Brutus may but find it; and throw this
In at his window: set this up with wax
Upon old Brutus' statue; all this done,
Repair to Pompey's porch, where you shall find us.
Is Decius Brutus and Trebonius there?
Cin. All but Metellus Cimber; and he's gone
To seek you at your house. Well, I will hie,
And so bestow these papers as you bade me.
Cas. That done, repair to Pompey's theatre.
[*Exit* Cinna.
Come, Casca, you and I will yet, ere day,
See Brutus at his house: three parts of him
Is ours already; and the man entire,
Upon the next encounter, yields him ours.
Casca. O, he sits high in all the people's hearts:
And that which would appear offence in us,

His countenance, like richest alchemy,
Will change to virtue and to worthiness.
Cas. Him and his worth and our great need of him,
You have right well conceited. Let us go,
For it is after midnight; and ere day
We will awake him, and be sure of him. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II

[Scene I]

Rome. Brutus's *orchard*

Enter Brutus

Bru. What, Lucius, ho!
I cannot, by the progress of the stars,
Give guess how near to day. Lucius, I say!
I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly.
When, Lucius, when! Awake, I say! What, Lucius!

Enter Lucius

Luc. Called you, my lord?
Bru. Get me a taper in my study, Lucius:
When it is lighted, come and call me here.
Luc. I will, my lord. [*Exit.*
Bru. It must be by his death: and, for my part,
I know no personal cause to spurn at him,
But for the general. He would be crowned:
How that might change his nature, there's the question.
It is the bright day that brings forth the adder;
And that craves wary walking. Crown him? — that; —
And then, I grant, we put a sting in him,
That at his will he may do danger with.
The abuse of greatness is when it disjoins

Remorse from power: and, to speak truth of Cæsar,
I have not known when his affections swayed
More than his reason. But 'tis a common proof
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber-upward turns his face:
But when he once attains the upmost round
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend: so Cæsar may;
Then, lest he may, prevent. And, since the quarrel
Will bear no color for the thing he is,
Fashion it thus: that what he is, augmented,
Would run to these and these extremities:
And therefore think him as a serpent's egg,
Which hatched would, as his kind, grow mischievous,
And kill him in the shell.

Enter Lucius

Luc. The taper burneth in your closet, sir.
Searching the window for a flint, I found
This paper thus sealed up; and I am sure
It did not lie there when I went to bed.
[*Gives him the letter.*

Bru. Get you to bed again; it is not day.
Is not to-morrow, boy, the ides of March?

Luc. I know not, sir.

Bru. Look in the calendar, and bring me word.

Luc. I will, sir. [*Exit.*

Bru. The exhalations whizzing in the air
Give so much light that I may read by them.
[*Opens the letter, and reads.*

Brutus, thou sleep'st; awake, and see thyself.
Shall Rome, &c. Speak, strike, redress! —
Brutus, thou sleep'st; awake! —
Such instigations have been often dropped
Where I have took them up.
"Shall Rome, &c." Thus must I piece it out:
Shall Rome stand under one man's awe? What! Rome?
My ancestors did from the streets of Rome
The Tarquin drive, when he was called a king.
"Speak, strike, redress!" — Am I entreated
To speak and strike? O Rome! I make thee promise,
If the redress will follow, thou receivest
Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus!

Enter Lucius

Luc. Sir, March is wasted fifteen days.
[*Knocking within.*

Bru. 'Tis good. Go to the gate: somebody knocks. [*Exit* Lucius.
Since Cassius first did whet me against Cæsar,
I have not slept.
Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream:
The genius and the mortal instruments
Are then in council; and the state of man,
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection.

Enter Lucius

Luc. Sir, 'tis your brother Cassius at the door,
Who doth desire to see you.

Bru. Is he alone?
Luc. No, sir, there are moe with him.
Bru. Do you know them?
Luc. No, sir; their hats are plucked about their ears,
And half their faces buried in their cloaks,
That by no means I may discover them
By any mark of favor.
Bru. Let 'em enter.
[*Exit* Lucius.
They are the faction. O Conspiracy!
Sham'st thou to show thy dangerous brow by night,
When evils are most free? O, then, by day
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough
To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none, Conspiracy;
Hide it in smiles and affability:
For if thou path, thy native semblance on,
Not Erebus itself were dim enough
To hide thee from prevention.

Enter the conspirators, Cassius, Casca, Decius, Cinna, Metellus Cimber, *and* Trebonius

Cas. I think we are too bold upon your rest:
Good morrow, Brutus; do we trouble you?
Bru. I have been up this hour; awake all night.
Know I these men that come along with you?
Cas. Yes, every man of them; and no man here
But honors you: and every one doth wish
You had but that opinion of yourself
Which every noble Roman bears of you.
This is Trebonius.

Bru. He is welcome hither.
Cas. This, Decius Brutus.
Bru. He is welcome too.
Cas. This, Casca; this, Cinna; and this, Metellus Cimber.
Bru. They are all welcome.
What watchful cares do interpose themselves
Betwixt your eyes and night?
Cas. Shall I entreat a word? [*They whisper.*
Dec. Here lies the east: doth not the day break here?
Casca. No.
Cin. O, pardon, sir, it doth: and yon gray lines
That fret the clouds are messengers of day.
Casca. You shall confess that you are both deceived.
Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises;
Which is a great way growing on the south,
Weighing the youthful season of the year.
Some two months hence up higher toward the north
He first presents his fire; and the high east
Stands, as the Capitol, directly here.
Bru. Give me your hands all over, one by one.
Cas. And let us swear our resolution.
Bru. No, not an oath: if not the face of men,
The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse, —
If these be motives weak, break off betimes,
And every man hence to his idle bed;
So let high-sighted tyranny range on,
Till each man drop by lottery. But if these,
As I am sure they do, bear fire enough
To kindle cowards, and to steel with valor

The melting spirits of women; then, countrymen,
What need we any spur but our own cause
To prick us to redress? what other bond
Than secret Romans that have spoke the word,
And will not palter? and what other oath
Than honesty to honesty engaged
That this shall be, or we will fall for it?
[Swear priests, and cowards, and men cautelous,
Old feeble carrions, and such suffering souls
That welcome wrongs;] unto bad causes swear
Such creatures as men doubt: but do not stain
The even virtue of our enterprise,
Nor the insuppressive mettle of our spirits,
To think that or our cause or our performance
Did need an oath; when every drop of blood
That every Roman bears, and nobly bears,
Is guilty of a several bastardy,
If he do break the smallest particle
Of any promise that hath passed from him.

Cas. But what of Cicero? shall we sound him?
I think he will stand very strong with us.

Casca. Let us not leave him out.

Cin. No, by no means.

Met. O, let us have him; for his silver hairs
Will purchase us a good opinion,
And buy men's voices to commend our deeds:
It shall be said his judgment ruled our hands;
Our youth and wildness shall no whit appear,
But all be buried in his gravity.

Bru. O, name him not; let us not break with him;
For he will never follow any thing
That other men begin.

Cas. Then leave him out.

Casca. Indeed, he is not fit.

Dec. Shall no man else be touched but only Cæsar?

Cas. Decius, well urged: I think it is not meet
Mark Antony, so well beloved of Cæsar,
Should outlive Cæsar: we shall find of him
A shrewd contriver; and you know his means,
If he improve them, may well stretch so far
As to annoy us all: which to prevent,
Let Antony and Cæsar fall together.

Bru. Our course will seem too bloody, Caius Cassius,
To cut the head off, and then hack the limbs,
Like wrath in death and envy afterwards:
For Antony is but a limb of Cæsar.
Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers, Caius.
We all stand up against the spirit of Cæsar;
And in the spirit of men there is no blood:
O, that we then could come by Cæsar's spirit,
And not dismember Cæsar! But, alas,
Cæsar must bleed for it! And, gentle friends,
Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;
Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,
Not hew him as a carcass fit for hounds:
[And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,
Stir up their servants to an act of rage,
And after seem to chide them. This shall make
Our purpose necessary, and not envious:
Which so appearing to the common eyes,
We shall be called purgers, not murderers.]
And for Mark Antony, think not of him;

For he can do no more than Cæsar's arm,
When Cæsar's head is off.
Cas. Yet I fear him:
For in the ingrafted love he bears to Cæsar —
Bru. Alas, good Cassius, do not think of him:
If he love Cæsar, all that he can do
Is to himself — take thought, and die for Cæsar:
And that were much he should; for he is given
To sports, to wildness, and much company.
Treb. There is no fear in him; let him not die;
For he will live, and laugh at this hereafter.
[*Clock strikes.*
Bru. Peace! count the clock.
Cas. The clock hath stricken three.
Treb. 'Tis time to part.
Cas. But it is doubtful yet
Whether Cæsar will come forth to-day or no;
For he is superstitious grown of late;
Quite from the main opinion he held once
Of fantasy, of dreams, and ceremonies;
It may be these apparent prodigies,
The unaccustomed terror of this night,
And the persuasion of his augurers
May hold him from the Capitol to-day.
Dec. Never fear that: if he be so resolved,
I can o'ersway him; for he loves to hear
That unicorns may be betrayed with trees,
And bears with glasses, elephants with holes,
Lions with toils, and men with flatterers:
But when I tell him he hates flatterers,
He says he does; being then most flatterèd.
Let me work:

For I can give his humor the true bent;
And I will bring him to the Capitol.

Cas. Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him.

Bru. By the eighth hour; is that the uttermost?

Cin. Be that the uttermost, and fail not then.

Met. Caius Ligarius doth bear Cæsar hard,
Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey;
I wonder none of you have thought of him.

Bru. Now, good Metellus, go along by him;
He loves me well, and I have given him reasons;
Send him but hither, and I'll fashion him.

Cas. The morning comes upon us: we'll leave you, Brutus:
And, friends, disperse yourselves: but all remember
What you have said, and show yourselves true Romans.

Bru. Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily;
Let not our looks put on our purposes;
But bear it as our Roman actors do,
With untired spirits and formal constancy:
And so, good morrow to you every one.

[*Exeunt all but* Brutus.

Boy! Lucius! — Fast asleep? It is no matter;
Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber:
Thou hast no figures nor no fantasies,
Which busy care draws in the brains of men:
Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

Enter Portia

Por. Brutus, my lord!

Bru. Portia, what mean you? Wherefore rise you now?

It is not for your health thus to commit
Your weak condition to the raw cold morning.
Por. Nor for yours neither. You've ungently, Brutus,
Stole from my bed: and yesternight, at supper,
You suddenly arose and walked about,
Musing and sighing, with your arms across:
And when I asked you what the matter was,
You stared upon me with ungentle looks:
I urged you further; then you scratched your head,
And too impatiently stamped with your foot:
Yet I insisted, yet you answered not;
But with an angry wafture of your hand
Gave sign for me to leave you: [so I did;
Fearing to strengthen that impatience
Which seemed too much enkindled; and withal
Hoping it was but an effect of humor,
Which sometime hath his hour with every man.
It will not let you eat nor talk nor sleep;
And, could it work so much upon your shape
As it hath much prevailed on your condition,
I should not know you, Brutus.] Dear my lord,
Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.
Bru. I am not well in health, and that is all.
Por. Brutus is wise, and, were he not in health,
He would embrace the means to come by it.
Bru. Why, so I do: good Portia, go to bed.
Por. Is Brutus sick? [and is it physical
To walk unbracèd, and suck up the humors
Of the dank morning? What, is Brutus sick,]
And will he steal out of his wholesome bed,
To dare the vile contagion of the night,

And tempt the rheumy and unpurgèd air
To add unto his sickness? No, my Brutus;
You have some sick offence within your mind,
Which, by the right and virtue of my place,
I ought to know of: and, upon my knees,
I charm you, by my once commended beauty,
By all your vows of love, and that great vow
Which did incorporate and make us one,
That you unfold to me, yourself, your half,
Why you are heavy; and what men to-night
Have had resort to you: for here have been
Some six or seven, who did hide their faces
Even from darkness.

Bru. Kneel not, gentle Portia.

Por. I should not need, if you were gentle Brutus.
Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,
Is it excepted I should know no secrets
That appertain to you? Am I yourself
But, as it were, in sort or limitation;
To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,
And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the suburbs
Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,
Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.

Bru. You are my true and honorable wife,
As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart.

Por. If this were true, then should I know this secret.
I grant I am a woman; but withal
A woman that Lord Brutus took to wife:

I grant I am a woman; but withal
A woman well-reputed, — Cato's daughter.
Think you I am no stronger than my sex
Being so fathered and so husbanded?
Tell me your counsels, I will not disclose 'em:
I have made strong proof of my constancy,
Giving myself a voluntary wound
Here in the thigh: can I bear that with patience,
And not my husband's secrets?
Bru. O ye gods,
Render me worthy of this noble wife!
[*Knocking within.*
Hark, hark! one knocks: Portia, go in a while;
And by and by thy bosom shall partake
The secrets of my heart.
All my engagements I will cónstrue to thee,
All the charáctery of my sad brows: —
Leave me with haste. [*Exit* Portia.] Lucius, who's that knocks?

Enter Lucius *and* Ligarius

Luc. Here is a sick man that would speak with you.
Bru. Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spake of. —
Boy, stand aside. Caius Ligarius! how?
Lig. Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble tongue.
Bru. O, what a time have you chose out, brave Caius,
To wear a kerchief! Would you were not sick!
Lig. I am not sick, if Brutus have in hand
Any exploit worthy the name of honor.

Bru. Such an exploit have I in hand, Ligarius,
[Had you a healthful ear to hear of it.
Lig. By all the gods that Romans bow before,
I here discard my sickness! Soul of Rome!
Brave son, derived from honorable loins!
Thou, like an exorcist, hast conjured up
My mortified spirit. Now bid me run,
And I will strive with things impossible;
Yea, get the better of them. What's to do?
Bru. A piece of work that will make sick men whole.
Lig. But are not some whole that we must make sick?
Bru. That must we also. What it is, my Caius,]
I shall unfold to thee, as we are going
To whom it must be done.
Lig. Set on your foot;
And with a heart new fired I follow you,
To do I know not what: but it sufficeth
That Brutus leads me on.
Bru. Follow me then. [*Exeunt.*

[Scene II]

Cæsar's *house*

Thunder and lightning. Enter Cæsar, *in his nightgown*

Cæs. Nor heaven nor earth have been at peace to-night:
Thrice hath Calpurnia in her sleep cried out,
"Help, ho! They murder Cæsar!" Who's within?

Enter a Servant

Serv. My lord.

Cæs. Go bid the priests do present sacrifice,
And bring me their opinions of success.

Serv. I will, my lord. [*Exit.*

Enter Calpurnia

Cal. What mean you, Cæsar? Think you to walk forth?
You shall not stir out of your house to-day.

Cæs. Cæsar shall forth: the things that threatened me
Ne'er looked but on my back; when they shall see
The face of Cæsar, they are vanishèd.

Cal. Cæsar, I never stood on ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me. There is one within,
Besides the things that we have heard and seen,
Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.
A lioness hath whelpèd in the streets;
And graves have yawned and yielded up their dead:
Fierce fiery warriors fought upon the clouds,
In ranks, and squadrons, and right form of war,
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol:
The noise of battle hurtled in the air,
Horses did neigh, and dying men did groan,
And ghosts did shriek and squeal about the streets.
O Cæsar! these things are beyond all use,
And I do fear them.

Cæs. What can be avoided
Whose end is purposed by the mighty gods?

[Yet Cæsar shall go forth: for these predictions
Are to the world in general, as to Cæsar.
Cal. When beggars die, there are no comets seen;
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes.
Cæs.] Cowards die many times before their deaths:
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear;
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come when it will come.

Enter Servant

What say the augurers?
Serv. They would not have you to stir forth to-day.
Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,
They could not find a heart within the beast.
Cæs. The gods do this in shame of cowardice;
Cæsar should be a beast without a heart,
If he should stay at home to-day for fear.
No, Cæsar shall [not: Danger knows full well
That Cæsar is more dangerous than he.
We are two lions littered in one day,
And I the elder and more terrible;
And Cæsar shall] go forth.
Cal. Alas, my lord
Your wisdom is consumed in confidence.
Do not go forth to-day: call it my fear
That keeps you in the house, and not your own.
We'll send Mark Antony to the senate-house;
And he will say you are not well to-day:

Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.
Cæs. Mark Antony shall say I am not well:
And, for thy humor, I will stay at home.

Enter Decius

Here's Decius Brutus, he shall tell them so.
Dec. Cæsar, all hail! Good morrow, worthy Cæsar:
I come to fetch you to the senate-house.
Cæs. And you are come in very happy time
To bear my greetings to the senators,
And tell them that I will not come to-day:
Cannot, is false; and that I dare not, falser;
I will not come to-day: tell them so, Decius.
Cal. Say he is sick.
Cæs. Shall Cæsar send a lie?
Have I in conquest stretched mine arm so far,
To be afeared to tell graybeards the truth?
Decius, go tell them Cæsar will not come.
Dec. Most mighty Cæsar, let me know some cause,
Lest I be laughed at when I tell them so.
Cæs. The cause is in my will: I will not come;
That is enough to satisfy the senate.
But, for your private satisfaction,
Because I love you, I will let you know.
Calpurnia here, my wife, stays me at home:
She dreamt to-night she saw my statua,
Which, like a fountain with a hundred spouts,
Did run pure blood; and many lusty Romans
Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it.
And these does she apply for warnings and portents
Of evils imminent; and on her knee

Hath begged that I will stay at home to-day.

Dec. This dream is all amiss interpreted;
It was a vision fair and fortunate:
Your statue, spouting blood in many pipes,
In which so many smiling Romans bathed,
Signifies that from you great Rome shall suck
Reviving blood; and that great men shall press
For tinctures, stains, relics, and cognizance.
This by Calpurnia's dream is signified.

Cæs. And this way have you well expounded it.

Dec. I have, when you have heard what I can say:
And know it now; the senate have concluded
To give this day a crown to mighty Cæsar.
If you shall send them word you will not come,
Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mock
Apt to be rendered, for some one to say,
"Break up the senate till another time,
When Cæsar's wife shall meet with better dreams."
If Cæsar hide himself, shall they not whisper,
"Lo, Cæsar is afraid?"
Pardon me, Cæsar, for my dear, dear love
To your proceeding bids me tell you this;
And reason to my love is liable.

Cæs. How foolish do your fears seem now, Calpurnia!
I am ashamèd I did yield to them.
[Give me my robe, for I will go.]

Enter Publius, Brutus, Ligarius, Metellus, Casca, Trebonius, *and* Cinna

And look where Publius is come to fetch me.

Pub. Good morrow, Cæsar.

Cæs. Welcome, Publius.
What, Brutus, are you stirred so early too?
[Good morrow, Casca. Caius Ligarius,
Cæsar was ne'er so much your enemy
As that same ague which hath made you lean. —
What is't o'clock?
Bru. Cæsar, 'tis strucken eight.
Cæs.] I thank you for your pains and courtesy.

Enter ANTONY

See! Antony, that revels long o' nights,
Is notwithstanding up. Good morrow, Antony.
Ant. So to most noble Cæsar.
Cæs. Bid them prepare within:
I am to blame to be thus waited for.
Now, Cinna: now, Metellus: what, Trebonius!
I have an hour's talk in store for you;
Remember that you call on me to-day:
Be near me, that I may remember you.
Treb. Cæsar, I will: — [*Aside.*] and so near will I be,
That your best friends shall wish I had been further.
Cæs. Good friends, go in, and taste some wine with me;
And we, like friends, will straightway go together.
Bru. [*Aside.*] That every like is not the same, O Cæsar,
The heart of Brutus earns to think upon! [*Exeunt.*

[Scene III]

[*A street near the* Capitol

[*Enter* Artemidorus, *reading a paper*

Cæsar, beware of Brutus; take heed of Cassius; come not near Casca; have an eye to Cinna; trust not Trebonius; mark well Metellus Cimber; Decius Brutus loves thee not; thou hast wronged Caius Ligarius. There is but one mind in all these men, and it is bent against Cæsar. If thou beest not immortal, look about you: security gives way to conspiracy. The mighty gods defend thee! Thy lover, Artemidorus.

Here will I stand till Cæsar pass along,
And as a suitor will I give him this.
My heart laments that virtue cannot live
Out of the teeth of emulation.
If thou read this, O Cæsar, thou mayst live:
If not, the Fates with traitors do contrive. [*Exit.*]

[Scene IV]

[*Another part of the same street, before the house of* Brutus

Enter Portia *and* Lucius

Por. I prithee, boy, run to the senate-house;
Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone.
Why dost thou stay?

Luc. To know my errand, madam.

Por. I would have had thee there, and here again,
Ere I can tell thee what thou shouldst do there.

O constancy, be strong upon my side!
Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue!
I have a man's mind, but a woman's might.
How hard it is for women to keep counsel! —
Art thou here yet?

Luc. Madam, what should I do?

Run to the Capitol, and nothing else?
And so return to you, and nothing else?

Por. Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy lord look well,
For he went sickly forth: and take good note
What Cæsar doth, what suitors press to him.
Hark, boy! what noise is that?

Luc. I hear none, madam.

Por. Prithee, listen well.
I heard a bustling rumor, like a fray,
And the wind brings it from the Capitol.

Luc. Sooth, madam, I hear nothing.

Enter the Soothsayer

Por. Come hither, fellow: which way hast thou been?

Sooth. At mine own house, good lady.

Por. What is't o'clock?

Sooth. About the ninth hour, lady.

Por. Is Cæsar yet gone to the Capitol?

Sooth. Madam, not yet; I go to take my stand
To see him pass on to the Capitol.

Por. Thou hast some suit to Cæsar, hast thou not?

Sooth. That I have, lady: if it will please Cæsar
To be so good to Cæsar as to hear me,

I shall beseech him to befriend himself.

Por. Why, know'st thou any harm's intended towards him?

Sooth. None that I know will be, much that I fear may chance.

Good morrow to you. Here the street is narrow:
The throng that follows Cæsar at the heels,
Of senators, of prætors, common suitors,
Will crowd a feeble man almost to death:
I'll get me to a place more void, and there
Speak to great Cæsar as he comes along. [*Exit.*

Por. I must go in. Ay me! how weak a thing
The heart of woman is! O Brutus,
The heavens speed thee in thine enterprise!
Sure, the boy heard me: Brutus hath a suit
That Cæsar will not grant. O, I grow faint:
Run, Lucius, and commend me to my lord;
Say I am merry: come to me again,
And bring me word what he doth say to thee.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III

[Scene I]

The Capitol; *the* Senate *sitting*

A crowd of people in the street leading to the Capitol; *among them* Artemidorus *and the* Soothsayer. *Flourish. Enter* Cæsar, Brutus, Cassius, Casca, Decius, Metellus, Trebonius, Cinna, Antony, Lepidus, Popilius, Publius, *and others.*

Cæs. The ides of March are come.

Sooth. Ay, Cæsar; but not gone.

Art. Hail, Cæsar! Read this schedule.

Dec. Trebonius doth desire you to o'er-read,
At your best leisure, this his humble suit.

Art. O Cæsar, read mine first; for mine's a suit
That touches Cæsar nearer: read it, great Cæsar.

Cæs. What touches us ourself shall be last served.

Art. Delay not, Cæsar; read it instantly.

Cæs. What, is the fellow mad?

Pub. Sirrah, give place.

Cas. What, urge you your petitions in the street?
Come to the Capitol.

Cæsar enters the Capitol, *the rest following*

Pop. I wish your enterprise to-day may thrive.

Cas. What enterprise, Popilius?

Pop. Fare you well.
[*Advances to* Cæsar.

Bru. What said Popilius Lena?

Cas. He wished to-day our enterprise might thrive.

I fear our purpose is discovered.

Bru. Look, how he makes to Cæsar: mark him.

Cas. Casca, be sudden, for we fear prevention.

Brutus, what shall be done? If this be known,
Cassius or Cæsar never shall turn back,
For I will slay myself.

Bru. Cassius, be constant:
Popilius Lena speaks not of our purposes;
For, look, he smiles, and Cæsar doth not change.

Cas. Trebonius knows his time; for, look you, Brutus,
He draws Mark Antony out of the way.

[*Exeunt* Antony *and* Trebonius.

Dec. Where is Metellus Cimber? Let him go,
And presently prefer his suit to Cæsar.

Bru. He is addressed: press near, and second him.

Cin. Casca, you are the first that rears your hand.

Cæs. Are we all ready? What is now amiss
That Cæsar and his senate must redress?

Met. Most high, most mighty, and most puissant Cæsar,
Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat
An humble heart: — [*Kneeling.*

Cæs. I must prevent thee, Cimber.
These couchings and these lowly courtesies
Might fire the blood of ordinary men,
And turn pre-ordinance and first decree
Into the law of children. Be not fond,
To think that Cæsar bears such rebel blood

That will be thawed from the true quality
With that which melteth fools; I mean sweet words,
Low-crooked curtsies, and base spaniel-fawning.
Thy brother by decree is banishèd;
If thou dost bend and pray and fawn for him,
I spurn thee, like a cur, out of my way.
Know, Cæsar doth not wrong: nor without cause
Will he be satisfied.

Met. Is there no voice more worthy than my own
To sound more sweetly in great Cæsar's ear,
For the repealing of my banished brother?

Bru. I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, Cæsar;
Desiring thee that Publius Cimber may
Have an immediate freedom of repeal.

Cæs. What, Brutus!

Cas. Pardon, Cæsar: Cæsar, pardon:
As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall
To beg enfranchisement for Publius Cimber.

Cæs. I could be well moved, if I were as you;
If I could pray to move, prayers would move me:
But I am constant as the northern star,
Of whose true-fixed and resting quality
There is no fellow in the firmament.
The skies are painted with unnumbered sparks,
They are all fire, and every one doth shine;
But there's but one in all doth hold his place;
So, in the world: 'tis furnished well with men,
And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive;
Yet, in the number, I do know but one
That unassailable holds on his rank,
Unshaked of motion: and that I am he,
Let me a little show it, even in this:

That I was constant Cimber should be banishèd,
And constant do remain to keep him so.

Cin. O Cæsar, —

Cæs. Hence! wilt thou lift up Olympus?

Dec. Great Cæsar, —

Cæs. Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?

Casca. Speak, hands, for me.

[Casca *first, then the other Conspirators, and* Marcus Brutus *stab* Cæsar.

Cæs. Et tu, Brute? — Then fall, Cæsar.

[*Dies.*

[*Cin.* Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead!
Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.

Cas. Some to the common pulpits, and cry out, —
"Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement!"]

Bru. People and senators! be not affrighted;
Fly not; stand still: — ambition's debt is paid.

[*Casca.* Go to the pulpit, Brutus.

Dec. And Cassius too.

Bru. Where's Publius?

Cin. Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.

Met. Stand fast together, lest some friend of Cæsar's
Should chance —

Bru. Talk not of standing. Publius, good cheer;]
There is no harm intended to your person,
Nor to no Roman else: so tell them, Publius.

Cas. And leave us, Publius; lest that the people,
Rushing on us, should do your age some mischief.

Bru. Do so: and let no man abide this deed
But we the doers.

Enter Trebonius

Cas. Where is Antony?

Tre. Fled to his house amazed:
Men, wives, and children stare, cry out, and run
As it were doomsday.

Bru. Fates, we will know your pleasures:
That we shall die, we know; 'tis but the time,
And drawing days out, that men stand upon.

Casca. Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life
Cuts off so many years of fearing death.

Bru. Grant that, and then is death a benefit:
So we are Cæsar's friends, that have abridged
His time of fearing death. [Stoop, Romans, stoop,
And let us bathe our hands in Cæsar's blood
Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords:
Then walk we forth, even to the market-place;
And, waving our red weapons o'er our heads,
Let's all cry, "Peace, freedom, and liberty!"

Cas. Stoop, then, and wash.] How many ages hence
Shall this our lofty scene be acted o'er
In states unborn and accents yet unknown!

Bru. How many times shall Cæsar bleed in sport,
That now on Pompey's basis lies along,
No worthier than the dust!

Cas. So oft as that shall be,
So often shall the knot of us be called
The men that gave their country liberty.

Dec. What, shall we forth?

Cas. Ay, every man away:
Brutus shall lead; and we will grace his heels
With the most boldest and best hearts of Rome.

Enter a Servant

Bru. Soft, who comes here? — A friend of Antony's.

Serv. Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me kneel;
Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down;
And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say:
"Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and honest;
Cæsar was mighty, bold, royal, and loving:
Say I love Brutus and I honor him;
Say I feared Cæsar, honored him, and loved him.
If Brutus will vouchsafe that Antony
May safely come to him and be resolved
How Cæsar hath deserved to lie in death,
Mark Antony shall not love Cæsar dead
So well as Brutus living; but will follow
The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus,
Thorough the hazards of this untrod state,
With all true faith." So says my master Antony.

Bru. Thy master is a wise and valiant Roman;
I never thought him worse.
Tell him, so please him come unto this place,
He shall be satisfied; and, by my honor,
Depart untouched.

Serv. I'll fetch him presently. [*Exit.*

Bru. I know that we shall have him well to friend.

Cas. I wish we may: but yet have I a mind
That fears him much; and my misgiving still
Falls shrewdly to the purpose.

Enter Antony

Bru. But here comes Antony. Welcome, Mark Antony.

Ant. O mighty Cæsar! dost thou lie so low?
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
Shrunk to this little measure? Fare thee well.
I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,
Who else must be let blood, who else is rank:
If I myself, there is no hour so fit
As Cæsar's death's hour; nor no instrument
Of half that worth as those your swords, made rich
With the most noble blood of all this world.
I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard,
[Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and smoke,]
Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,
I shall not find myself so apt to die:
No place will please me so, no mean of death,
As here by Cæsar, and by you cut off,
The choice and master spirits of this age.

Bru. O Antony! beg not your death of us.
Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,
As, by our hands and this our present act,
You see we do; yet see you but our hands
And this the bleeding business they have done:
Our hearts you see not; they are pitiful;
And pity to the general wrong of Rome —
As fire drives out fire, so pity, pity —
Hath done this deed on Cæsar. For your part,
To you our swords have leaden points, Mark Antony:
Our arms in strength of malice and our hearts

Of brothers' temper, do receive you in
With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.
Cas. Your voice shall be as strong as any man's
In the disposing of new dignities.
Bru. Only be patient, till we have appeased
The multitude, beside themselves with fear;
And then we will deliver you the cause
Why I, that did love Cæsar when I struck him,
Have thus proceeded.
Ant. I doubt not of your wisdom.
Let each man render me his bloody hand:
First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you;
Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand;
Now, Decius Brutus, yours; now yours, Metellus;
Yours, Cinna; and, my valiant Casca, yours;
Though last, not least in love, yours, good Trebonius.
Gentlemen all, — alas! what shall I say?
My credit now stands on such slippery ground
That one of two bad ways you must conceit me,
Either a coward or a flatterer.
That I did love thee, Cæsar, O, 'tis true:
If, then, thy spirit look upon us now,
Shall it not grieve thee dearer than thy death
To see thy Antony making his peace,
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,
Most noble! in the presence of thy corse?
Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds,
Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,
It would become me better, than to close
In terms of friendship with thine enemies.
Pardon me, Julius! Here wast thou bayed, brave hart;
Here didst thou fall; and here thy hunters stand,

Signed in thy spoil, and crimsoned in thy lethe.
[O world! thou wast the forest to this hart;
And this, indeed, O world! the heart of thee.
How like a deer, strucken by many princes,
Dost thou here lie!]
Cas. Mark Antony, —
Ant. Pardon me, Caius Cassius;
The enemies of Cæsar shall say this;
Then, in a friend, it is cold modesty.
Cas. I blame you not for praising Cæsar so;
But what compáct mean you to have with us?
Will you be pricked in number of our friends;
Or shall we on, and not depend on you?
Ant. Therefore I took your hands; but was, indeed,
Swayed from the point, by looking down on Cæsar.
Friends am I with you all, and love you all,
Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons
Why and wherein Cæsar was dangerous.
Bru. Or else were this a savage spectacle.
Our reasons are so full of good regard
That were you, Antony, the son of Cæsar,
You should be satisfied.
Ant. That's all I seek:
And am, moreover, suitor that I may
Produce his body to the market-place,
And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,
Speak in the order of his funeral.
Bru. You shall, Mark Antony.
Cas. Brutus, a word with you. —
[*Aside to* Brutus.] You know not what you do; do not consent

That Antony speak in his funeral:
Know you how much the people may be moved
By that which he will utter?
Bru. By your pardon;
I will myself into the pulpit first,
And show the reason of our Cæsar's death:
What Antony shall speak, I will protest
He speaks by leave and by permission;
And that we are contented Cæsar shall
Have all true rites and lawful ceremonies.
It shall advantage more than do us wrong.
Cas. I know not what may fall; I like it not.
Bru. Mark Antony, here, take you Cæsar's body.
You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,
But speak all good you can devise of Cæsar;
And say you do't by our permission;
Else shall you not have any hand at all
About his funeral: and you shall speak
In the same pulpit whereto I am going,
After my speech is ended.
Ant. Be it so;
I do desire no more.
Bru. Prepare the body then, and follow us.
[*Exeunt all but* Antony.
Ant. O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers!
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man
That ever livèd in the tide of times.
Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood!
Over thy wounds now do I prophesy, —
Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue, —

A curse shall light upon the limbs of men;
Domestic fury and fierce civil strife
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy:
Blood and destruction shall be so in use,
And dreadful objects so familiar,
That mothers shall but smile when they behold
Their infants quartered with the hands of war;
All pity choked with custom of fell deeds:
And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge,
With Atè by his side, come hot from hell,
Shall in these confines with a monarch's voice
Cry "Havoc," and let slip the dogs of war;
That this foul deed shall smell above the earth
With carrion men, groaning for burial.

[*Enter a* Servant

You serve Octavius Cæsar, do you not?

Serv. I do, Mark Antony.

Ant. Cæsar did write for him to come to Rome.

Serv. He did receive his letters, and is coming:
And bid me say to you by word of mouth —
O Cæsar! [*Seeing the body.*

Ant. Thy heart is big; get thee apart and weep.
Passion, I see, is catching; for mine eyes,
Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,
Began to water. Is thy master coming?

Serv. He lies to-night within seven leagues of Rome.

Ant. Post back with speed, and tell him what hath chanced:
Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,
No Rome of safety for Octavius yet;

Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet, stay awhile;
Thou shalt not back till I have borne this corse
Into the market-place: there shall I try,
In my oration, how the people take
The cruel issue of these bloody men;
According to the which thou shalt discourse
To young Octavius of the state of things.
Lend me your hand. [*Exeunt, with* Cæsar's body.]

[Scene II]

The Forum

Enter Brutus *and* Cassius *and a throng of* Citizens

Cit. We will be satisfied; let us be satisfied.

Bru. Then follow me, and give me audience, friends.
Cassius, go you into the other street,
And part the numbers.
Those that will hear me speak, let 'em stay here;
Those that will follow Cassius, go with him;
And public reasons shall be renderèd
Of Cæsar's death.

1 *Cit.* I will hear Brutus speak.

2 *Cit.* I will hear Cassius; and compare their reasons,
When severally we hear them rendered.

[*Exit* Cassius *with some of the* Citizens. Brutus *goes into the Rostrum.*

3 Cit. The noble Brutus is ascended: silence!

Bru. Be patient till the last.
Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cause; and be silent, that you may hear: believe me

for mine honor: and have respect to mine honor, that you may believe: censure me in your wisdom; and awake your senses that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his. If, then, that friend demand why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer: Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves, than that Cæsar were dead, to live all free men? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honor him: but as he was ambitious, I slew him. There is tears for his love; joy for his fortune; honor for his valor; and death for his ambition. Who is here so base that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

Citizens. None, Brutus, none.

Bru. Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death.

Enter Antony *and others, with* Cæsar's *body.*

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony: who, though he had no hand in his death, shall

receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth: as which of you shall not? With this I depart: that, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

Citizens. Live, Brutus, live! live!

1 *Cit.* Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

2 *Cit.* Give him a statue with his ancestors.

3 *Cit.* Let him be Cæsar.

4 *Cit.* Cæsar's better parts
Shall be crowned in Brutus.

1 *Cit.* We'll bring him to his house with shouts and clamors.

Bru. My countrymen, —

2 *Cit.* Peace! silence! Brutus speaks.

1 *Cit.* Peace, ho!

Bru. Good countrymen, let me depart alone,
And, for my sake, stay here with Antony:
Do grace to Cæsar's corpse, and grace his speech
Tending to Cæsar's glories; which Mark Antony,
By our permission, is allowed to make.
I do entreat you, not a man depart,
Save I alone, till Antony have spoke. [*Exit.*

1 *Cit.* Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.

3 *Cit.* Let him go up into the public chair;
We'll hear him. Noble Antony, go up.

Ant. For Brutus' sake, I am beholding to you.

4 *Cit.* What does he say of Brutus?

3 *Cit.* He says, for Brutus' sake,
He finds himself beholding to us all.

4 *Cit.* 'Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus here,

1 *Cit.* This Cæsar was a tyrant.
3 *Cit.* Nay, that's certain:
We are blessed that Rome is rid of him.
2 *Cit.* Peace; let us hear what Antony can say.
Ant. You gentle Romans, —
Citizens. Peace, ho! let us hear him.
Ant. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interrèd with their bones;
So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus
Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious:
If it were so, it was a grievous fault,
And grievously hath Cæsar answered it.
Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest, —
For Brutus is an honorable man;
So are they all, all honorable men; —
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me:
But Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honorable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept:
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honorable man.
You all did see that on the Lupercal
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?

Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And, sure, he is an honorable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause;
What cause withholds you, then, to mourn for him?
O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason. Bear with me;
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.

1 *Cit.* Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.

2 *Cit.* If thou consider rightly of the matter,
Cæsar has had great wrong.

3 *Cit.* Has he, masters?
I fear there will a worse come in his place.

4 *Cit.* Marked ye his words? He would not take the crown;
Therefore, 'tis certain he was not ambitious.

1 *Cit.* If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

2 *Cit.* Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.

3 *Cit.* There's not a nobler man in Rome than Antony.

4 *Cit.* Now mark him, he begins again to speak.

Ant. But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world: now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.
O masters, if I were disposed to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honorable men:

I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,
Than I will wrong such honorable men.
But here's a parchment with the seal of Cæsar;
I found it in his closet; 'tis his will:
Let but the commons hear this testament —
Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read —
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood;
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,
Unto their issue.

4 *Cit.* We'll hear the will: read it, Mark Antony.

Citizens. The will, the will! we will hear Cæsar's will.

Ant. Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it;
It is not meet you know how Cæsar loved you.
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;
And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar
It will inflame you, it will make you mad.
'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs;
For if you should, O, what would come of it!

4 *Cit.* Read the will; we'll hear it, Antony;
You shall read us the will, Cæsar's will.

Ant. Will you be patient? will you stay awhile?
I have o'ershot myself to tell you of it.
I fear I wrong the honorable men
Whose daggers have stabbed Cæsar: I do fear it.

4 *Cit.* They were traitors: honorable men!

Citizens. The will! the testament!

2 *Cit.* They were villains, murderers: the will! read the will!

Ant. You will compel me then to read the will?
Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,
And let me show you him that made the will.
Shall I descend? And will you give me leave?

Citizens. Come down.

2 *Cit.* Descend. [*He comes down.*

3 *Cit.* You shall have leave.

4 *Cit.* A ring; stand round.

1 *Cit.* Stand from the hearse, stand from the body.

2 *Cit.* Room for Antony — most noble Antony!

Ant. Nay, press not so upon me; stand far off.

Citizens. Stand back! Room! Bear back!

Ant. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle: I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on;
'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent,
That day he overcame the Nervii:
Look! in this place ran Cassius' dagger through:
See what a rent the envious Casca made:
Through this the well-belovèd Brutus stabbed;
And as he plucked his cursèd steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar followed it,
As rushing out of doors, to be resolved
If Brutus so unkindly knocked, or no;
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel:
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar loved him!
This was the most unkindest cut of all:
For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,

Quite vanquished him: then burst his mighty heart;
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statua,
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourished over us.
O, now you weep; and I perceive you feel
The dint of pity: these are gracious drops.
Kind souls, what, weep you when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here,
Here is himself, marred, as you see, with traitors.
1 *Cit.* O piteous spectacle!
2 *Cit.* O noble Cæsar!
3 *Cit.* O woeful day!
4 *Cit.* O traitors, villains!
1 *Cit.* O most bloody sight!
2 *Cit.* We will be revenged.
Citizens. Revenge! About! Seek! Burn! Fire! Kill! Slay! Let not a traitor live!
Ant. Stay, countrymen.
1 *Cit.* Peace there! hear the noble Antony.
2 *Cit.* We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die with him.
Ant. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.
They that have done this deed are honorable;
What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,
That made them do it; they are wise and honorable,
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts;

I am no orator, as Brutus is;
But as you know me all, a plain, blunt man,
That love my friend; and that they know full well
That gave me public leave to speak of him.
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood: I only speak right on;
I tell you that which you yourselves do know;
Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths,
And bid them speak for me: but, were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

Citizens. We'll mutiny!

1 *Cit.* We'll burn the house of Brutus!

3 *Cit.* Away, then; come, seek the conspirators!

Ant. Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me speak.

Citizens. Peace, ho! Hear Antony, most noble Antony!

Ant. Why, friends, you go to do you know not what.
Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserved your loves?
Alas, you know not; I must tell you, then:
You have forgot the will I told you of.

Citizens. Most true; the will! let's stay, and hear the will.

Ant. Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal.
To every Roman citizen he gives,
To every several man, seventy-five drachmas,

2 *Cit.* Most noble Cæsar! we'll revenge his death.

3 *Cit.* O royal Cæsar!

Ant. Hear me with patience.

Citizens. Peace, ho!

Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
His private arbors, and new-planted orchards,
On this side Tiber; he hath left them you,
And to your heirs for ever; common pleasures,
To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.
Here was a Cæsar! When comes such another?

1 *Cit.* Never, never! Come, away, away!
We'll burn his body in the holy place,
And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.
Take up the body.

2 *Cit.* Go, fetch fire.

3 *Cit.* Pluck down benches.

4 *Cit.* Pluck down forms, windows, any thing.

[*Exeunt* Citizens, *with the body.*

Ant. Now let it work! Mischief, thou art afoot,
Take thou what course thou wilt! —

[*Enter a* Servant

How now, fellow?

Serv. Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.

Ant. Where is he?

Serv. He and Lepidus are at Cæsar's house.

Ant. And thither will I straight to visit him.
He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry,
And in this mood will give us any thing.

Serv. I heard him say, Brutus and Cassius
Are rid like madmen through the gates of Rome.

Ant. Belike they had some notice of the people,
How I had moved them. Bring me to Octavius.
[*Exeunt.*]

[Scene III]

A street

[*Enter* Cinna, *the Poet*

Cin. I dreamt to-night that I did feast with Cæsar,
And things unlucky charge my fantasy:
I have no will to wander forth of doors,
Yet something leads me forth.

Enter Citizens

1 *Cit.* What is your name?
2 *Cit.* Whither are you going?
3 *Cit.* Where do you dwell?
4 *Cit.* Are you a married man or a bachelor?
2 *Cit.* Answer every man directly.
1 *Cit.* Ay, and briefly.
4 *Cit.* Ay, and wisely.
3 *Cit.* Ay, and truly, you were best.

Cin. What is my name? Whither am I going? Where do I dwell? Am I a married man or a bachelor? Then, to answer every man directly and briefly, wisely and truly: wisely, I say, I am a bachelor.

2 *Cit.* That's as much as to say, they are fools that marry: you'll bear me a bang for that, I fear. Proceed; directly.

Cin. Directly, I am going to Cæsar's funeral.

1 *Cit.* As a friend or an enemy?

Cin. As a friend.

2 *Cit.* That matter is answered directly.

4 *Cit.* For your dwelling, — briefly.

Cin. Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

3 *Cit.* Your name, sir, truly.

Cin. Truly, my name is Cinna.

1 *Cit.* Tear him to pieces; he's a conspirator.

Cin. I am Cinna the poet, I am Cinna the poet.

4 *Cit.* Tear him for his bad verses, tear him for his bad verses.

Cin. I am not Cinna the conspirator.

2 *Cit.* It is no matter, his name's Cinna; pluck but his name out of his heart, and turn him going.

3 *Cit.* Tear him, tear him! Come, brands, ho! firebrands! To Brutus', to Cassius'; burn all. Some to Decius' house, and some to Casca's; some to Ligarius'; away, go! [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV

[Scene I]

[*A house in Rome*

Antony, Octavius, *and* Lepidus, *seated at a table*

Ant. These many then shall die; their names are pricked.

Oct. Your brother too must die: consent you, Lepidus?

Lep. I do consent —

Oct. Prick him down, Antony.

Lep. Upon condition Publius shall not live,
Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony.

Ant. He shall not live: look, with a spot I damn him.
But, Lepidus, go you to Cæsar's house;
Fetch the will hither, and we shall determine
How to cut off some charge in legacies.

Lep. What, shall I find you here?

Oct. Or here or at the Capitol. [*Exit* Lepidus.

Ant. This is a slight, unmeritable man,
Meet to be sent on errands: is it fit,
The three-fold world divided, he should stand
One of the three to share it?

Oct. So you thought him;
And took his voice who should be pricked to die,
In our black sentence and proscription.

Ant. Octavius, I have seen more days than you:
And though we lay these honors on this man,
To ease ourselves of divers slanderous loads,
He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold,
To groan and sweat under the business,
Either led or driven, as we point the way;
And having brought our treasure where we will,
Then take we down his load, and turn him off,
Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears
And graze in commons.
Oct. You may do your will;
But he's a tried and valiant soldier.
Ant. So is my horse, Octavius; and for that
I do appoint him store of provender.
It is a creature that I teach to fight,
To wind, to stop, to run directly on,
His corporal motion governed by my spirit.
And, in some taste, is Lepidus but so;
He must be taught and trained and bid go forth;
A barren-spirited fellow; one that feeds
On objects, arts and imitations,
Which, out of use and staled by other men,
Begin his fashion: do not talk of him
But as a property. And now, Octavius,
Listen great things. Brutus and Cassius
Are levying powers: we must straight make head:
Therefore let our alliance be combined,
Our best friends made, our means stretched;
And let us presently go sit in council,
How covert matters may be best disclosed,
And open perils surest answerèd.
Oct. Let us do so: for we are at the stake,

And bayed about with many enemies;
And some that smile have in their hearts, I fear,
Millions of mischiefs. [*Exeunt.*]

[Scene II]

Before Brutus' *tent, in the camp near* Sardis

Drum. Enter Brutus, Lucilius, Lucius, *and* Soldiers: Titinius *and* Pindarus *meeting them*

Bru. Stand, ho!
Lucil. Give the word, ho! and stand.
Bru. What now, Lucilius! is Cassius near?
Lucil. He is at hand; and Pindarus is come
To do you salutation from his master.
[Pindarus *gives a letter to* Brutus.
Bru. He greets me well. Your master, Pindarus,
In his own change, or by ill officers,
Hath given me some worthy cause to wish
Things done undone: but if he be at hand,
I shall be satisfied.
Pin. I do not doubt
But that my noble master will appear
Such as he is, full of regard and honor.
Bru. He is not doubted. A word, Lucilius;
How he received you, let me be resolved.
Lucil. With courtesy, and with respect enough;
But not with such familiar instances,
Nor with such free and friendly conference,
As he hath used of old.
Bru. Thou hast described
A hot friend cooling: ever note, Lucilius,
When love begins to sicken and decay,

It useth an enforcèd ceremony.
There are no tricks in plain and simple faith:
But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,
Make gallant show and promise of their mettle:
But when they should endure the bloody spur,
They fall their crests, and like deceitful jades,
Sink in the trial. Comes his army on?

Lucil. They mean this night in Sardis to be quartered;
The greater part, the horse in general,
Are come with Cassius. [*March within.*

Bru. Hark, he is arrived: 30
[March gently on to meet him.

Enter Cassius *and* Soldiers

Cas. Stand, ho!

Bru. Stand, ho! Speak the word along.

1 *Sol.* Stand!

2 *Sol.* Stand!

3 *Sol.* Stand!]

Cas. Most noble brother, you have done me wrong.

Bru. Judge me, you gods! Wrong I mine enemies?
And, if not so, how should I wrong a brother?

Cas. Brutus, this sober form of yours hides wrongs; 40
And when you do them —

Bru. Cassius, be content;
Speak your griefs softly: I do know you well.
Before the eyes of both our armies here,
Which should perceive nothing but love from us,
Let us not wrangle: bid them move away;
Then in my tent, Cassius, enlarge your griefs,
And I will give you audience.

Cas. Pindarus,
Bid our commanders lead their charges off
A little from this ground.
Bru. Lucius, do you the like; and let no man
Come to our tent, till we have done our conference.
Lucilius and Titinius, guard our door. [*Exeunt.*

[Scene III]

Within the tent of Brutus

Enter Brutus *and* Cassius

Cas. That you have wronged me doth appear in this:
You have condemned and noted Lucius Pella
For taking bribes here of the Sardians;
Wherein my letters, praying on his side,
Because I knew the man, were slighted off.
Bru. You wronged yourself to write in such a case.
Cas. In such a time as this, it is not meet
That every nice offence should bear his comment.
Bru. Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemned to have an itching palm,
To sell and mart your offices for gold
To undeservers.
Cas. I an itching palm?
You know that you are Brutus that speak this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.
Bru. The name of Cassius honors this corruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.
Cas. Chastisement!
Bru. Remember March, the ides of March remember!

Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?
What villain touched his body, that did stab,
And not for justice? What, shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world
But for supporting robbers, — shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,
And sell the mighty space of our large honors
For so much trash as may be graspèd thus?
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.

Cas. Brutus, bay not me;
I'll not endure it: you forget yourself,
To hedge me in; I am a soldier, ay,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.

Bru. Go to; you are not, Cassius.

Cas. I am.

Bru. I say you are not.

Cas. Urge me no more, I shall forget myself;
Have mind upon your health, tempt me no further.

Bru. Away, slight man!

Cas. Is't possible?

Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.
Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
Shall I be frighted when a madman stares?

Cas. O ye gods! ye gods! Must I endure all this?

Bru. All this? ay, more: fret till your proud heart break;
Go show your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?
Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humor? By the gods,

You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you; for, from this day forth,
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish.

Cas. Is it come to this?

Bru. You say you are a better soldier:
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well: for mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

Cas. You wrong me every way; you wrong me, Brutus;
I said an elder soldier, not a better:
Did I say, better?

Bru. If you did, I care not.

Cas. When Cæsar lived, he durst not thus have moved me.

Bru. Peace, peace! you durst not so have tempted him.

Cas. I durst not?

Bru. No.

Cas. What, durst not tempt him?

Bru. For your life you durst not.

Cas. Do not presume too much upon my love;
I may do that I shall be sorry for.

Bru. You have done that you should be sorry for.
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats:
For I am armed so strong in honesty
That they pass by me as the idle wind,
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me,
For I can raise no money by vile means:
By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,

And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash
By any indirection. I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you denied me: was that done like Cassius?
Should I have answered Caius Cassius so?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,
Dash him to pieces!

Cas. I denied you not.

Bru. You did.

Cas. I did not; he was but a fool
That brought my answer back. Brutus hath rived my heart:
A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

Bru. I do not, till you practice them on me.

Cas. You love me not.

Bru. I do not like your faults.

Cas. A friendly eye could never see such faults.

Bru. A flatterer's would not, though they do appear
As huge as high Olympus.

Cas. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,
For Cassius is a-weary of the world:
Hated by one he loves; braved by his brother;
Checked like a bondman; all his faults observed,
Set in a note-book, learned and conned by rote,
To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes! There is my dagger

And here my naked breast; within, a heart
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold:
If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth;
I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart:
Strike as thou didst at Cæsar; for I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lovedst him better
Than ever thou lovedst Cassius.

Bru. Sheathe your dagger:
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;
Do what you will, dishonor shall be humor.
O Cassius, you are yokèd with a lamb,
That carries anger as the flint bears fire;
Who, much enforcèd, shows a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again.

Cas. Hath Cassius lived
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief and blood ill-tempered vexeth him?

Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill-tempered too.

Cas. Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.

Bru. And my heart too.

Cas. O Brutus!

Bru. What's the matter?

Cas. Have you not love enough to bear with me,
When that rash humor which my mother gave me
Makes me forgetful?

Bru. Yes, Cassius, and from henceforth,
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

[*Noise within.*

[*Poet.* [*Within.*] Let me go in to see the generals;

There is some grudge between 'em; 'tis not meet
They be alone.

Lucil. [*Within.*] You shall not come to them.

Poet. [*Within.*] Nothing but death shall stay me.

Enter Poet, *followed by* Lucilius, Titinius, *and* Lucius

Cas. How now! What's the matter?

Poet. For shame, you generals: what do you mean?

Love and be friends, as two such men should be;
For I have seen more years, I'm sure, than ye.

Cas. Ha, ha! how vilely doth this cynic rhyme!

Bru. Get you hence, sirrah; saucy fellow, hence!

Cas. Bear with him, Brutus; 'tis his fashion.

Bru. I'll know his humor, when he knows his time:

What should the wars do with these jigging fools?
Companion, hence!

Cas. Away, away, be gone! [*Exit* Poet.

Bru. Lucilius and Titinius, bid the commanders
Prepare to lodge their companies to-night.

Cas. And come yourselves, and bring Messala with you,
Immediately to us. [*Exeunt* Lucilius *and* Titinius.]

Bru. Lucius, a bowl of wine. [*Exit* Lucius.

Cas. I did not think you could have been so angry.

Bru. O Cassius, I am sick of many griefs.

Cas. Of your philosophy you make no use,
If you give place to accidental evils.

Bru. No man bears sorrow better: — Portia is dead.

Cas. Ha! Portia!

Bru. She is dead.

Cas. How 'scaped I killing when I crossed you so? —

O insupportable and touching loss! —

Upon what sickness?

Bru. Impatient of my absence,

And grief that young Octavius with Mark Antony

Have made themselves so strong; — for with her death

That tidings came; — with this she fell distract

And, her attendants absent, swallowed fire.

Cas. And died so?

Bru. Even so.

Cas. O ye immortal Gods!

Enter Lucius, *with wine and tapers*

Bru. Speak no more of her. — Give me a bowl of wine: —

In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius. [*Drinks.*

Cas. My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge.

Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'erswell the cup;

I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love. [*Drinks.*

Enter Titinius *and* Messala

Bru. Come in, Titinius. — Welcome, good Messala. —

Now sit we close about this taper here,

And call in question our necessities.

Cas. Portia, art thou gone?

Bru. No more, I pray you.

Messala, I have here receivèd letters,

That young Octavius and Mark Antony
Come down upon us with a mighty power,
Bending their expedition toward Philippi.
Mes. Myself have letters of the self-same tenor.
Bru. With what addition?
Mes. That by proscription, and bills of outlawry,
Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus
Have put to death an hundred senators.
Bru. Therein our letters do not well agree;
Mine speak of seventy senators that died
By their proscriptions, Cicero being one.
Cas. Cicero one?
Mes. Cicero is dead,
And by that order of proscription. —
Had you your letters from your wife, my lord?
Bru. No, Messala.
Mes. Nor nothing in your letters writ of her?
Bru. Nothing, Messala.
Mes. That, methinks, is strange.
Bru. Why ask you? Hear you aught of her in yours?
Mes. No, my lord.
Bru. Now, as you are a Roman, tell me true.
Mes. Then like a Roman bear the truth I tell:
For certain she is dead, and by strange manner.
Bru. Why, farewell, Portia. — We must die, Messala:
With meditating that she must die once,
I have the patience to endure it now.
Mes. Even so great men great losses should endure.

Cas. I have as much of this in art as you,
But yet my nature could not bear it so.
Bru. Well, to our work alive. What do you think
Of marching to Philippi presently?
Cas. I do not think it good.
Bru. Your reason?
Cas. This it is:
'Tis better that the enemy seek us:
So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers,
Doing himself offence; whilst we, lying still,
Are full of rest, defence, and nimbleness.
Bru. Good reasons must, of force, give place to better.
The people 'twixt Philippi and this ground
Do stand but in a forced affection,
For they have grudged us contribution:
The enemy, marching along by them,
By them shall make a fuller number up,
Come on refreshed, new-added, and encouraged;
From which advantage shall we cut him off,
If at Philippi we do face him there,
These people at our back.
Cas. Hear me, good brother.
Bru. Under your pardon. — You must note beside,
That we have tried the utmost of our friends,
Our legions are brim-full, our cause is ripe:
The enemy increaseth every day;
We, at the height, are ready to decline.
There is a tide in the affairs of men
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life

Is bound in shallows and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now afloat,
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.
Cas. Then, with your will, go on:
We will along ourselves, and meet them at Philippi.
Bru. The deep of night is crept upon our talk,
And nature must obey necessity;
Which we will niggard with a little rest.
There is no more to say?
Cas. No more. Good night;
Early to-morrow will we rise and hence.
Bru. Lucius, my gown. Farewell, good Messala;—
[*Exit* Lucius.
Good night, Titinius. — Noble, noble Cassius,
Good night, and good repose.
Cas. O my dear brother!
This was an ill beginning of the night:
Never come such division 'tween our souls!
Let it not, Brutus.
Bru. Everything is well.
Cas. Good night, my lord.
Bru. Good night, good brother.
Tit., Mes. Good night, lord Brutus.
Bru. Farewell, every one.
[*Exeunt* Cassius, Titinius, *and* Messala.

Enter Lucius, *with the gown*

Give me the gown. Where is thy instrument?
Luc. Here in the tent.
Bru. What? thou speak'st drowsily:
Poor knave, I blame thee not; thou art o'erwatched.

[Call Claudius and some other of my men:
I'll have them sleep on cushions in my tent.
Luc. Varro, and Claudius!

Enter Varro *and* Claudius

Var. Calls my lord?
Bru. I pray you, sirs, lie in my tent and sleep;
It may be I shall raise you by and by
On business to my brother Cassius.
Var. So please you, we will stand and watch
your pleasure.
Bru. I will not have it so: lie down, good sirs;
It may be I shall otherwise bethink me.
Look, Lucius, here's the book I sought for so;
I put it in the pocket of my gown.
[Var. *and* Claud. *lie down.*
Luc. I was sure your lordship did not give it me.
Bru. Bear with me, good boy, I am much forgetful.]
Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes awhile,
And touch thy instrument a strain or two?
Luc. Ay, my lord, an't please you.
Bru. It does, my boy:
I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.
Luc. It is my duty, sir.
Bru. I should not urge thy duty past thy might:
I know young bloods look for a time of rest.
[*Luc.* I have slept, my lord, already.
Bru. It was well done; and thou shalt sleep again;
I will not hold thee long:] if I do live,
I will be good to thee. [*Music and a Song.*
This is a sleepy tune: O murderous slumber,
Lay'st thou thy leaden mace upon my boy,

That plays thee music? Gentle knave, good night;
I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee.
If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument;
I'll take it from thee; and, good boy, good night.
Let me see, let me see; is not the leaf turned down
Where I left reading? Here it is, I think.
[*He sits down.*

Enter the Ghost *of* Cæsar

How ill this taper burns! Ha! who comes here?
I think it is the weakness of mine eyes
That shapes this monstrous apparition.
It comes upon me! Art thou any thing?
Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,
That mak'st my blood cold, and my hair to stare?
Speak to me what thou art.

Ghost. Thy evil spirit, Brutus.

Bru. Why comest thou?

Ghost. To tell thee thou shalt see me at Philippi.

Bru. Well: then I shall see thee again?

Ghost. Ay, at Philippi.

Bru. Why, I will see thee at Philippi, then. —
[Ghost *vanishes.*

Now I have taken heart thou vanishest:
Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee. —
Boy! Lucius! Varro! Claudius! Sirs, awake!
[Claudius!

Luc. The strings, my lord, are false.

Bru. He thinks he still is at his instrument.
Lucius, awake!]

Luc. My lord?

Bru. [Didst thou dream, Lucius, that thou so criedst out?

Luc. My lord, I do not know that I did cry.

Bru. Yes, that thou didst:] didst thou see any thing?

Luc. Nothing, my lord.

Bru. Sleep again, Lucius. Sirrah, Claudius! [*To* Varro.

Fellow thou! awake!

Var. My lord?

Clau. My lord?

Bru. Why did you so cry out, sirs, in your sleep?

Var., *Clau.* Did we, my lord?

Bru. Ay; saw you any thing?

Var. No, my lord, I saw nothing.

Clau. Nor I, my lord.

Bru. Go and commend me to my brother Cassius;
Bid him set on his powers betimes before,
And we will follow.

Var., *Clau.* It shall be done, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V

[Scene I]

The plains of Philippi

Enter Octavius, Antony, *and their Army*

Oct. Now, Antony, our hopes are answerèd:
You said the enemy would not come down,
But keep the hill and upper regions.
It proves not so: their battles are at hand;
They mean to warn us at Philippi here,
Answering before we do demand of them.
Ant. Tut, I am in their bosoms, and I know
Wherefore they do it: they could be content
To visit other places; and come down
With fearful bravery, thinking by this face
To fasten in our thoughts that they have courage;
But 'tis not so.

Enter a Messenger

Mess. Prepare you, generals:
The enemy comes on in gallant show;
Their bloody sign of battle is hung out,
And something to be done immediately.
Ant. Octavius, lead your battle softly on,
Upon the left hand of the even field.
Oct. Upon the right hand I; keep thou the left.
Ant. Why do you cross me in this exigent?
Oct. I do not cross you; but I will do so. [*March.*

Drum. Enter Brutus, Cassius, *and their Army;* Lucilius, Titinius, Messala, *and others*

Bru. They stand, and would have parley.

[*Cas.* Stand fast, Titinius: we must out and talk.

Oct. Mark Antony, shall we give sign of battle?

Ant. No, Cæsar, we will answer on their charge.
Make forth; the generals would have some words.

Oct. Stir not until the signal.

Bru.] Words before blows: is it so, countrymen?

Oct. Not that we love words better, as you do.

Bru. Good words are better than bad strokes, Octavius.

Ant. In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give good
30 words:
Witness the hole you made in Cæsar's heart,
Crying "Long live! Hail, Cæsar!"

Cas. Antony,
The posture of your blows are yet unknown;
But for your words, they rob the Hybla bees
And leave them honeyless.

Ant. Not stingless too.

Bru. O, yes, and soundless too;
For you have stolen their buzzing, Antony,
And, very wisely, threat before you sting.

Ant. Villains, you did not so, when your vile daggers
40 Hacked one another in the sides of Cæsar:
You showed your teeth like apes, and fawned like hounds,
And bowed like bondmen, kissing Cæsar's feet;
Whilst damnèd Casca, like a cur, behind

Struck Cæsar on the neck. O you flatterers!
Cas. Flatterers! Now, Brutus, thank yourself:
This tongue had not offended so to-day,
If Cassius might have ruled.
Oct. Come, come, the cause: if arguing make us sweat,
The proof of it will turn to redder drops.
Look, — I draw a sword against conspirators:
When think you that the sword goes up again? —
Never, till Cæsar's three and thirty wounds
Be well avenged; or till another Cæsar
Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors.
Bru. Cæsar, thou canst not die by traitors' hands,
Unless thou bring'st them with thee.
Oct. So I hope;
I was not born to die on Brutus' sword.
Bru. O, if thou wert the noblest of thy strain,
Young man, thou couldst not die more honorable.
Cas. A peevish school-boy, worthless of such honor,
Joined with a masker and a reveller!
Ant. Old Cassius still!
Oct. Come, Antony; away! —
Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth:
If you dare fight to-day, come to the field;
If not, when you have stomachs.
[*Exeunt* Octavius, Antony, *and their Army.*
Cas. Why now, blow wind, swell billow, and swim bark!
The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.
[*Bru.* Ho, Lucilius! hark, a word with you.
Lucil. My lord.
[Brutus *and* Lucilius *converse apart.*

Cas. Messala, —
Mes. What says my general?
Cas. Messala,
This is my birth-day; as this very day
Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand, Messala:
Be thou my witness that against my will,
As Pompey was, am I compelled to set
Upon one battle all our liberties.
You know that I held Epicurus strong
And his opinion: now I change my mind,
And partly credit things that do presage.
Coming from Sardis, on our former ensign
Two mighty eagles fell; and there they perched,
Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hands;
Who to Philippi here consorted us;
This morning are they fled away and gone;
And in their steads do ravens, crows, and kites
Fly o'er our heads, and downward look on us,
As we were sickly prey; their shadows seem
A canopy most fatal, under which
Our army lies, ready to give up the ghost.
Mes. Believe not so.
Cas. I but believe it partly;
For I am fresh of spirit and resolved
To meet all perils very constantly.
Bru. Even so, Lucilius.
Cas.] Now, most noble Brutus,
The gods to-day stand friendly; that we may,
Lovers in peace, lead on our days to age!
But, since the affairs of men rest still incertain,
Let's reason with the worst that may befall.
If we do lose this battle, then is this

The very last time we shall speak together:
What are you then determinèd to do?
Bru. Even by the rule of that philosophy
By which I did blame Cato for the death
Which he did give himself: I know not how,
But I do find it cowardly and vile,
For fear of what might fall, so to prevent
The time of life: arming myself with patience
To stay the providence of some high powers
That govern us below.
Cas. Then, if we lose this battle,
You are contented to be led in triumph
Through the streets of Rome?
Bru. No, Cassius, no: think not, thou noble Roman,
That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome;
He bears too great a mind. But this same day
Must end that work the ides of March begun;
And whether we shall meet again I know not.
Therefore our everlasting farewell take.
For ever and for ever farewell, Cassius!
If we do meet again, why, we shall smile;
If not, why, then this parting was well made.
Cas. For ever and for ever farewell, Brutus:
If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed;
If not, 'tis true this parting was well made.
Bru. Why, then lead on. O, that a man might know
The end of this day's business ere it come!
But it sufficeth that the day will end,
And then the end is known. Come, ho! away!
[*Exeunt.*

[Scene II]

The field of battle

[*Alarum. Enter* Brutus *and* Messala

Bru. Ride, ride, Messala, ride, and give these bills
Unto the legions on the other side: [*Loud alarum.*
Let them set on at once; for I perceive
But cold demeanor in Octavius' wing,
And sudden push gives them the overthrow.
Ride, ride, Messala: let them all come down.

[*Exeunt.*]

[Scene III]

Another part of the field

Alarums. Enter Cassius *and* Titinius

Cas. O, look, Titinius, look, the villains fly!
Myself have to mine own turned enemy:
This ensign here of mine was turning back;
I slew the coward, and did take it from him.

Tit. O Cassius, Brutus gave the word too early:
Who, having some advantage on Octavius,
Took it too eagerly; his soldiers fell to spoil,
Whilst we by Antony are all enclosed.

Enter Pindarus

Pin. Fly further off, my lord, fly further off.
Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord!
Fly therefore, noble Cassius, fly far off.

Cas. This hill is far enough. Look, look, Titinius;
Are those my tents where I perceive the fire?

Tit. They are, my lord.

Cas. Titinius, if thou lovest me,
Mount thou my horse and hide thy spurs in him,
Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops
And here again; that I may rest assured
Whether yond troops are friend or enemy.

Tit. I will be here again, even with a thought.
[*Exit.*

Cas. Go, Pindarus, get higher on that hill;
My sight was ever thick; regard Titinius,
And tell me what thou not'st about the field. —
[Pindarus *goes up.*
This day I breathèd first: time is come round,
And where I did begin, there shall I end;
My life is run his compass. — Sirrah, what news?

Pin. [*Above.*] O my lord!

Cas. What news?

Pin. Titinius is enclosèd round about
With horsemen, that make to him on the spur;
Yet he spurs on. — Now they are almost on him;
Now, Titinius! — Now some light: O, he lights too: —
He's ta'en; — [*Shout*] and hark! they shout for joy.

Cas. Come down; behold no more.
O, coward that I am, to live so long,
To see my best friend ta'en before my face!

Pindarus *descends*

Come hither, sirrah:
In Parthia did I take thee prisoner;
And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,
That whatsoever I did bid thee do
Thou shouldst attempt it. Come now, keep thine oath;

Now be a freeman; and, with this good sword,
That ran through Cæsar's bowels, search this bosom.
Stand not to answer: here, take thou the hilts;
And when my face is covered, as 'tis now,
Guide thou the sword. Cæsar, thou art revenged,
Even with the sword that killed thee. [*Dies.*

Pin. So, I am free; yet would not so have been,
Durst I have done my will. O Cassius!
Far from this country Pindarus shall run,
Where never Roman shall take note of him. [*Exit.*

Enter Titinius, *with* Messala

Mes. It is but change, Titinius; for Octavius
Is overthrown by noble Brutus' power,
As Cassius' legions are by Antony.

Tit. These tidings will well comfort Cassius.

Mes. Where did you leave him?

Tit. All disconsolate,
With Pindarus his bondman, on this hill.

Mes. Is not that he that lies upon the ground?

Tit. He lies not like the living. O my heart!

[*Mes.* Is not that he?]

Tit. [No, this was he, Messala,
But Cassius is no more. O setting sun!
As in thy red rays thou dost sink to night
So in his red blood Cassius' day is set;
The sun of Rome is set! Our day is gone;
Clouds, dews, and dangers come; our deeds are done!]
Mistrust of my success hath done this deed.

[*Mes.* Mistrust of good success hath done this deed.
O hateful Error, Melancholy's child!

Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of men
The things that are not? O Error, soon conceived,
Thou never com'st unto a happy birth,
But kill'st the mother that engendered thee.

Tit.] What, Pindarus! Where art thou, Pindarus?

Mes. Seek him, Titinius: whilst I go to meet
The noble Brutus, thrusting this report
Into his ears: [I may say, thrusting it;
For piercing steel and darts envenomèd
Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus
As tidings of this sight.]

Tit. Hie you, Messala,
And I will seek for Pindarus the while.

[*Exit* Messala.

Why didst thou send me forth, brave Cassius?
Did I not meet thy friends? and did not they
Put on my brows this wreath of victory,
And bid me give it thee? Didst thou not hear their shouts?
Alas, thou hast miscónstrued every thing.
But hold thee, take this garland on thy brow;
Thy Brutus bid me give it thee, and I
Will do his bidding. Brutus, come apace,
And see how I regarded Caius Cassius.
By your leave, gods: this is a Roman's part:
Come, Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' heart. [*Dies.*

Alarum. Enter Messala, *with* Brutus, *young* Cato, Strato, Volumnius, *and* Lucilius

Bru. Where, where, Messala, doth his body lie?

Mes. Lo, yonder; and Titinius mourning it.

Bru. Titinius' face is upward.

Cato. He is slain.

Bru. O Julius Cæsar, thou art mighty yet!
Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords
In our own proper entrails. [*Low alarums.*

Cato. Brave Titinius!
Look, whe'er he have not crowned dead Cassius!

Bru. Are yet two Romans living such as these?
The last of all the Romans, fare thee well!
It is impossible that ever Rome
Should breed thy fellow. Friends, I owe moe tears
To this dead man than you shall see me pay.
I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time.
Come, therefore, and to Thassos send his body;
His funerals shall not be in our camp,
Lest it discomfort us. Lucilius, come;
And come, young Cato; let us to the field.
[Labeo and Flavius, set our battles on:]
'Tis three o'clock; and, Romans, yet ere night
We shall try fortune in a second fight. [*Exeunt.*

[Scene IV]

Another part of the field

Alarum. Enter, fighting, Soldiers *of both armies; then* Brutus, Cato, Lucilius, *and others*

Bru. Yet, countrymen, O yet hold up your heads!

Cato. What bastard doth not? Who will go with me?
I will proclaim my name about the field: —
I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!
A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend;

I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho! [*Charges the enemy.*

Lucil. And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I;
Brutus, my country's friend; know me for Brutus.
O young and noble Cato, art thou down?
Why, now thou diest as bravely as Titinius.
And mayst be honored, being Cato's son.

1 *Sold.* Yield, or thou diest.

Lucil. Only I yield to die;
There is so much that thou wilt kill me straight;
[*Offering money.*
Kill Brutus, and be honored in his death.

1 *Sold.* We must not. — A noble prisoner!

2 *Sold.* Room, ho! Tell Antony, Brutus is ta'en.

1 *Sold.* I'll tell the news. Here comes the general.

Enter Antony

Brutus is ta'en, Brutus is ta'en, my lord.

Ant. Where is he?

Lucil. Safe, Antony; Brutus is safe enough;
I dare assure thee that no enemy
Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus:
The gods defend him from so great a shame!
When you do find him, or alive or dead,
He will be found like Brutus, like himself.

Ant. This is not Brutus, friend; but, I assure you,
A prize no less in worth: keep this man safe,
Give him all kindness: I had rather have
Such men my friends than enemies. Go on,
And see whe'er Brutus be alive or dead,
And bring us word unto Octavius' tent
How everything is chanced. [*Exeunt.*

[Scene V]

Another part of the field

Enter Brutus, Dardanius, Clitus, Strato, *and* Volumnius

Bru. Come, poor remains of friends, rest on this rock.

Cli. Statilius showed the torchlight, but, my lord,
He came not back; he is or ta'en or slain.

Bru. Sit thee down, Clitus: slaying is the word;
It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus.
[*Whispering.*

Cli. What, I, my lord? No, not for all the world.

Bru. Peace then, no words.

Cli. I'd rather kill myself.

[*Bru.* Hark thee, Dardanius. [*Whispers him.*

Dar. Shall I do such a deed?

Cli. O Dardanius!

Dar. O Clitus!

Cli. What ill request did Brutus make to thee?

Dar. To kill him, Clitus. Look, he meditates.

Cli. Now is that noble vessel full of grief,
That it runs over even at his eyes.]

Bru. Come hither, good Volumnius, list a word.

Vol. What says my lord?

Bru. Why, this, Volumnius.
The ghost of Cæsar hath appeared to me
Two several times by night: at Sardis once,
And this last night, here in Philippi fields.
I know my hour is come.

Vol. Not so, my lord.

Bru. Nay, I am sure it is, Volumnius.
Thou see'st the world, Volumnius, how it goes;
Our enemies have beat us to the pit: [*Low alarums.*
It is more worthy to leap in ourselves
Than tarry till they push us. Good Volumnius,
Thou know'st that we two went to school together:
Even for that our love of old, I prithee,
Hold thou my sword-hilts, whilst I run on it.
Vol. That's not an office for a friend, my lord.
[*Alarum still.*
Cli. Fly, fly, my lord; there is no tarrying here.
Bru. Farewell to you; and you; and you, Volumnius.
[Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep;
Farewell to thee too, Strato.] Countrymen,
My heart doth joy that yet, in all my life.
I found no man but he was true to me.
I shall have glory by this losing day,
More than Octavius and Mark Antony
By this vile conquest shall attain unto.
[So, fare you well at once, for Brutus' tongue
Hath almost ended his life's history:
Night hangs upon my eyes: my bones would rest,
That have but labored to attain this hour.]
[*Alarum. Cry within* — "Fly, fly, fly!"
Cli. Fly, my lord, fly!
Bru. Hence; I will follow.

[*Exeunt* CLITUS, DARDANIUS, *and* VOLUMNIUS

[I prithee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord:
Thou art a fellow of a good respect;
Thy life hath had some smatch of honor in it:

Hold then my sword, and turn away thy face,
While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato?

Stra. Give me your hand first: fare you well, my lord.

Bru. Farewell, good Strato.] Cæsar, now be still:
I kill'd not thee with half so good a will.

[*He runs on his sword, and dies.*

Alarum; retreat. Enter Octavius, Antony, Messala, Lucilius, *and the Army*

[*Oct.* What man is that?

Mes. My master's man. Strato, where is thy master?

Stra. Free from the bondage you are in, Messala;
The conquerors can but make a fire of him;
For Brutus only overcame himself,
And no man else hath honor by his death.]

Lucil. So Brutus should be found. — I thank thee, Brutus,
That thou hast proved Lucilius' saying true.

Oct. All that served Brutus, I will entertain them.

[Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?

Stra. Ay, if Messala will prefer me to you.

Oct. Do so, good Messala.

Mes. How died my master, Strato?

Stra. I held the sword, and he did run on it.

Mes. Octavius, then take him to follow thee,
That did the latest service to my master.]

Ant. This was the noblest Roman of them all:
All the conspirators, save only he,
Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar;

He only, in a general honest thought
And common good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle; and the elements
So mixed in him that nature might stand up,
And say to all the world, "This was a man!"

Oct. According to his virtue let us use him,
With all respect and rites of burial.
Within my tent his bones to-night shall lie,
Most like a soldier, ordered honorably.
So, call the field to rest: and let's away.
To part the glories of this happy day. [*Exeunt.*

TIME SCHEDULE OF THE PLAY

Dramatic Time	*Historic Time*
Day One, Act I, Sc. 1, 2 Interval of one month	Oct. B.C. 45 Cæsar's Triumph
Day Two, Act I, Sc. 3	Feb. 15, B.C. 44 Feast of Lupercal
Day Three, Acts II, III Interval of twenty months	March 15, B.C. 44 Assassination of Cæsar
Day Four, Act IV, Sc. 1 Interval of one year	May-June, B.C. 44 Octavius arrives in Rome
Day Five, Act IV, Sc. 2, 3 Interval (?)	Nov. B.C. 43 Triumvirs' Proscription
Day Six, Act V	Oct. B.C. 42 First Battle of Philippi
	Oct. B.C. 42 Second Battle of Philippi

VERSE; PROSE; STRUCTURE OF THE PLAY

The study of a Shaksperean play is not complete without some definite attention to the metrical structure of the lines.

In the first place, the verse of these plays is the *5-stress iambic* of serious English poetry, that is, a verse of ten syllables, with the accent or "stress" on the second, fourth, etc., as,

⏑ / ⏑ / ⏑ / ⏑ / ⏑ /
Antonius, forget not in thy speed.

But this is only the beginning. The line may be varied in numerous ways. The succession of accents may be altered, as,

/ ⏑ ⏑ / ⏑ / ⏑ / ⏑ /
Lovers in peace, lead on our days to age,

where the first foot is trochaic, or,

⏑ / ⏑ ⏑ / ⏑ / ⏑ / ⏑ / ⏑
But, since the affairs of men rests still uncertain,

where the line has twelve syllables, two merging into one in pronunciation, and the last being unaccented, or "light."

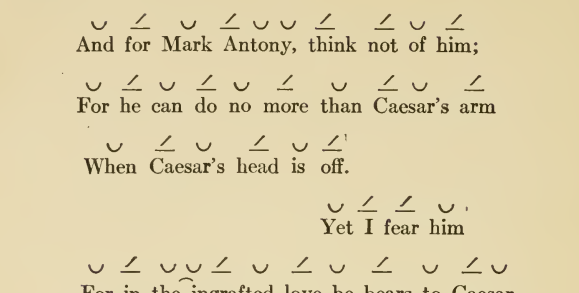
Not infrequently too a short line may be introduced, as,

/ ⏑ ⏑ /
Cæsar, my lord. or

/ / /
Let me work.

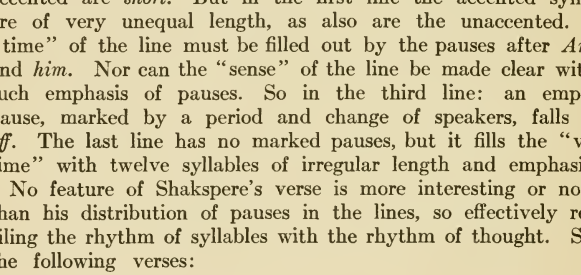
Here the true effectiveness of the short line will be understood and expressed in a pause, if it is remembered that, in general, the complete, ten-syllable line has a fairly regular "time-length." In some lines this "time" will be almost entirely apportioned to the spoken syllables, while in others it will be distributed among spoken syllables and pauses. The reading of the pauses becomes therefore vitally important to the proper rendering of the rhythm.

Compare the following lines:



The second of these lines may be called "regular;" it has within it no marked pauses, nor any at the end; the accented syllables are really *long* in "time," and of nearly equal length, as the unaccented are *short*. But in the first line the accented syllables are of very unequal length, as also are the unaccented. The "time" of the line must be filled out by the pauses after *Antony* and *him*. Nor can the "sense" of the line be made clear without such emphasis of pauses. So in the third line: an emphatic pause, marked by a period and change of speakers, falls after *off*. The last line has no marked pauses, but it fills the "verse-time" with twelve syllables of irregular length and emphasis.

No feature of Shakspere's verse is more interesting or notable than his distribution of pauses in the lines, so effectively reconciling the rhythm of syllables with the rhythm of thought. Study the following verses:



Observe that in the first line the emphatic pause comes at the end; in the second, one pause falls at the end of the third foot, another at the end; in the third line there is one punctuated pause — at the end; in the fourth line a pause falls in the second foot; in the fifth line, a pause after the third foot. By these means monotony is avoided, and the artificial measure of the verses, which still brings a slight pause at the end of a line, whether punctuated or not, is merged in the rhythm of the thought. As a consequence of this mastery of his verse we have in the great group of plays from Shakspere's mature life, to which *Julius Cæsar* belongs, a characteristic mingling of "end-stopt" lines (lines with distinct, punctuated pauses at the end), and "run-on" lines (lines with no punctuated pause at the end).

It should be observed that the artificial rhythm of the verse is not to be *lost* in the thought rhythm, so that the verse will be read like prose. Rather, as is said above, there must be a *merging* of the two rhythms, so that, in reading, both are felt.

PROSE

It is not uncommon to find Shakspere's prose dismissed with a simple statement that it is used for vulgar, humorous, or commonplace scenes. Nothing could be more erroneous. In this play he uses prose in three notable passages, each different from the others, and all worthy of study.

In I, 1, the Cobbler and Marullus exchange sallies in prose. Here, besides its humorous turn, the prose serves as a matrix in which to set the flaming jewel of Marullus' eloquence.

In I, 2, the prose serves to embody the "tardy form" with which Shakspere chose to endow Casca. It carries the burden of cynicism well. Cf. Casca's speeches in I, 3.

In III, 2, Brutus' speech forms one of the most notable pieces of Shakspere's prose. Much conjecture has been expended upon the question of "where he got it." Certainly the style carries out the suggestion of Plutarch that "he (Brutus) counterfeited that brief compendious manner of speech of the Lacedæmonians." At any rate, it may be said that Shakspere had in the English of North's Plutarch a most excellent model of prose, if he chose to use it.

STRUCTURE OF THE PLAY

A play is "a portrayal of life by means of a mechanism so devised as to bring it home to a considerable number of people

assembled in a given place." (Archer, "Play-Making," p. 10) This "mechanism" for Shakspere was an arrangement of five acts. The first act presented in some form **the exposition,** or explanation of the general setting and situation with which the story should open, the introduction of the characters, and usually a summary of preceding events related to the action of the play.

The second act presented **the complication,** that is, the development of the **main action,** and the introduction of **the counter-action,** thus setting before the audience the elements of the conflict to be carried on or the problem to be solved.

The third act presented the players of the main action as reaching the height of their success and coming to a point where the players of the counter-action become too powerful for them: this point is the **Crisis** or **Turning-Point.**

The fourth act presented the decline or fall of the fortunes of the players in the *main action,* and the corresponding ascendancy of the players of the *counter-action.*

The fifth act presented the **catastrophe,** that is, the wreck of the fortunes of the *main action* players, sometimes involving the players of the *counter-action* in their downfall, sometimes leaving these successful. In comedy, however, where the idea of "wreck" seems inappropriate, this point in the play is often called the *dénouement* or "untying."

In order to bring a story within the limits of a dramatic performance it must be developed by means of a series of telling situations, called **crises,** leading up to a main crisis or turning-point, and down from this point to the catastrophe. These crises, occurring at certain definite times and places, form the nuclei or centers for the various **scenes** into which the play is divided. These "scene" divisions, as we have them today, were not made by Shakspere but have been made by later editors. For the printed text they are practically agreed upon, but they are subject to great changes for presentation on the stage. (*See* App. II.)

NOTES

Act I, *Scene* 1

Stage Direction (*Booth*), *great tumult without.*

This street scene, with its motley crowd, as much English as Roman, its obvious word-play, and its vivid contrast between the tribunes and the populace, is today as useful as ever in catching the attention of the ordinary theater audience. The reader will find in the sound of its lines as well as in the picture it suggests a summary of the strength and weakness of Cæsar's position on his return from Spain for the triumph of October, 45 B.C. A triumph over Roman blood alienated many of the best in Rome.

Line 33 ff. p. 4. "He (Cæsar) had won his triumph by exciting in the multitude, as Sulla had done before him, the most dangerous passion of his age, cupidity." Ferrero, "*Greatness and Decline of Rome.*" II, p. 271. Cf. the "Will" that Antony reads. "Sumptuous festivals were given to celebrate his Spanish triumph, and in the huge popular banquets that accompanied them Cæsar for the first time substituted in place of the usual Greek wines some of the new Italian vintages." Ferrero, II, p. 221.

34. p. 4. In reading, note the hesitating, but gathering invective. Here sounds the pride of Rome, conquest. Compare Antony's review of Cæsar's conquests.

54. p. 5. Note here as elsewhere in the play the long pause necessary in the reading. The echo of Marullus' Roman sentiment must be allowed to fill out the line at this splendid climax. Compare this speech throughout with Antony's oration.

65. p. 5. The line serves to clear the stage. The preceding line closes the scene in most modern presentations. Study the "stage picture" it provides.

69. p. 5. Lupercal. With this line Shakspere bridges the gap of four months from October, 45 to February, 44. Cf. his care for such technical matters elsewhere in the play. *See* Appendix III, "The Lupercalia."

70 ff. p. 5. These lines should furnish suggestion of the hollowness of Cæsar's apparent supremacy. "He had neither the prestige

to inspire one tenth of the terror or admiration of Sulla, nor an army on whose fidelity he could rely, nor a body of supporters united in their aims and ideals." Ferrero, II, p. 271.

Scene 2

Here the immediate telling of the great story of Cæsar's Fall begins. Scenes 1 and 2 may well be presented as one continuous scene.

Line 7. p. 6. See above on Lupercal. The kingship idea so hated by the Roman Republican appears here in Cæsar's desire for a son and heir. This desire had led him to grant his name to a son of Cleopatra, for which he had been bitterly condemned.

Observe how these broken lines serve only to focus attention on Cæsar. His name, the fatal date, his studied attitudes are all mercilessly repeated. Careful reading emphasizes ominously the tardily moving line in which Brutus speaks (21).

28 ff. p. 7. Shakspere here departs somewhat from his historical authority. The coolness between Brutus and Cassius here is laid to a troubled melancholy of Brutus. Plutarch says Cassius was displeased because Cæsar had preferred Brutus for office; but he implies that there may have been other reasons.

38. p. 7. I would look ungently only upon myself as the cause of my troubled countenance.

54. p. 8. What is the meaning of this long pause?

60. p. 8. The Senate had decreed Cæsar to be *divus*, worthy of divine honors. Note the irony in Cassius' words.

63. p. 8. Dangers. Observe how many times in the play this word, with its adjective, dangerous, is repeated. Like "blood" in Macbeth, it is a key-word for this play.

66. p. 8. Cassius ignores Brutus' speech. How does Cassius' own analysis of himself agree with what Cæsar, Brutus, and Antony say of him? Cf. Brutus' words, V, 3, l. 99 ff.

72. p. 8. laughter. (The Folio reading.) One whose words are not to be taken seriously.

80. p. 9. King. See in II, 1, on Brutus and the kingship.

83. p. 9. Note the deliberate calling attention to the long dialogue here, and observe how Cassius' next speech is lightened by stories.

86. p. 9. Does "honor" here bear the same meaning as in l. 92?

100. p. 9. This feat seems to have been a favorite with "lusty Romans."

128. p. 10. Observe the tremendous change in pitch and quality of voice in the middle of this line.

135. p. 11. Cæsar had proposed gigantic plans for public works. Among other things he proposed to drain the Pontine marshes by changing the course of the Tiber, to cut up the Campus Martius into building sites, to raise a huge theater, to establish large libraries in all parts of Rome, to canal the Isthmus of Corinth, to lay out a road over the Apennines, and to build a great port at Ostia. For all these things, however, as well as to redeem other pledges, the funds were to come out of the conquest of Parthia, for which expedition he needed the title of king. *See* Ferrero, II, p. 292.

156. p. 11. Rome was pronounced by the Elizabethans like "room." Cf. in IV, 1.

175. p. 12. Cassius sees the age already under a yoke (l. 60), but Brutus sees that all in the future. Cf., on Cassius' idea, the Latin phrase, "sub jugum." When Cæsar was returning from Spain in the preceding year Brutus had met him in Cisalpine Gaul to find out if possible his purposes. He had been so well treated that all his suspicion, if he had any, was allayed, and he had written to Cicero that Cæsar aimed only at the re-establishment of a Conservative, aristocratic government. Ferrero, II, p. 290.

Compare the various indications in the play that Brutus was slow to join the conspiracy.

In reading, observe that Brutus' words are not so vivid, so full of emotion as those of Cassius. To read his speeches the voice maintains a rather narrow range of pitch, while Cassius' phrases spring from high to low, leaping like a flame of fire.

190. p. 12. Two short lines center attention upon Caesar and Antony.

203 ff. p. 13. Cf. the lines in M. of V., V, 1, ll. 83–5.

> "The man that hath no music in himself,
> Nor is not mov'd by concord of sweet sounds,
> Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils."

213. p. 13. This is an invention of Shakspere. Dramatically it is most effective; historically, as a symptom of the growing weakness of Cæsar, it is accurate; and there is medical authority for the frequent connection of epilepsy and deafness.

Furness, in the New Variorum, quotes from medical works to show that, "a temporary deafness was recognized in Shakspere's day as one of the effects of epileptic seizure." He has also the following, "It has appeared to me that the *left side* is the one most frequently affected." (E. H. Sieveking: On Epilepsy, p. 4, 1858.)

271. p. 15. Cf. the following: "One difficulty after another confronted him (Cæsar), often created by his very impatience to overcome them, and the worry, the weariness, the disappointments of his never-ending labors dulled that keen and exquisite sense of what was real and practicable which had stood him in such good stead in past years. Sometimes he himself would say that he had lived long enough . . . . health growing steadily worse; the attacks of epilepsy from which he had never been entirely free were increasing in frequency and violence; body and soul were almost worn out. The striking bust of him in the Louvre, the work of a great unknown master, gives a wonderful representation of the last expiring effort of his prodigious vitality. The brow is furrowed with huge wrinkles, the lean and shapeless face bears the marks of intense physical suffering, and the expression is that of a man utterly exhausted. In truth he was tired out. Yet, as so often with tired men, he could not take the rest he needed." Ferrero. . . . II, p. 291.

280. p. 15. He spoke Greek. The New Variorum quotes Horn to the effect that these three words describe Cicero perfectly.

285. p. 15. Greek to me. . . . "I can't understand it." A common Elizabethan phrase, a sort of stage "gag."

286. p. 16. This line makes a useful connection with the first scene. The student will do well to observe how the dramatist thus ties together his scenes.

289. p. 16. Execution. . . . Five syllables.

305. p. 16. And so it is. How should this be read? Is Brutus thinking of Cassius?

Scene 3

In this scene Casca is used to create by his frightened speeches an atmosphere of terror. Cicero serves merely as interlocutor, just to introduce and lead Casca on. Plutarch supplied the details of these wonders.

Line 55 ff. p. 19. In modern dramatic construction storms in the air are used to heighten the effect of stormy, passionate scenes. To Shakspere's audience such happenings as Casca describes meant more. These lines illustrate the fashion in which Shakspere takes from ancient Rome the elements that were like those of his own London rather than those features peculiar to the ancient world.

65. p. 19. Read "Why" as an expletive. *See* Glossary, "calculate."

96 ff. p. 20. Cf. Hamlet's soliloquy on suicide, III, 1., l. 70, ff.

"For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,

The oppressor's wrong. . . .
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin?"

103 ff. p. 21. This is the climax of Cassius' right hearty girding at Cæsar, — a figure illuminated for a moment by a fire of straw and offal. *See* Appendix II for interpretations of Cassius' character.

120 ff. p. 21. Observe how our knowledge of Cassius' activity is enlarged. The extent of the conspiracy grows. Sixty (some say eighty) senators were in the plot. Plutarch tells vividly of their anxiety.

124. p. 21. Honorable. Another of the key-words of the play. Cf. in Antony's speech.

130. p. 21. A foreshadowing line, whetting the appetite of the audience.

132. p. 22. by his gait. The conspirators must needs know each other by quick means. Cf. "Trebonius knows his time," III, 1, l. 25. Skillful dramatic indications that the plot is well laid.

140 ff. p. 22. Here again Shakspere suggests skillfully the lapse of time. Close connection with the next scene is established. Taking these lines together with several in II, 1, the stages in the passing of one night are clearly marked. At the same time, parallel with this change, the lapse of a month from February 15, the Feast of Lupercal, to March 15, the Ides, is indicated.

152. p. 22. Pompey's Theatre. Here it was that the assassination of Cæsar actually took place. But in the play, perhaps out of deference to an old tradition of literature and the stage, Shakspere makes the Capitol the focus of events.

Act II, *Scene* 1

Stage Direction (Booth), lightning; (Irving) thunder and lightning.

Line 4. p. 24. Cf. the sleeplessness of Macbeth.
Here again Plutarch supplied the details.

10. p. 24. Brutus sees but one way to prevent Cæsar's grasping the kingship. To a Roman Republican the mere aiming at such a title would justify assassination; but to Shakspere and his contemporaries the title would carry no evil suggestion apart from the character of the man. This may be a reason why in this place he modifies and adapts the real events and motives of his history, keeping the essential dramatic meaning but presenting it in a form intelligible to his audience. Cf. MacCallum, "The Roman Plays."

24 ff. p. 25. Cf. these words with the conduct of Cæsar and

his words in "the Capitol" just before he is murdered. Observe how the play "echoes" and is technically unified.

Cf. what Brutus says in the Quarrel Scene about the reasons for killing Cæsar. *See* Appendix III for Cæsar and Brutus.

61 ff. p. 26. Cf. following from Macbeth: I, 3, l. 139.

"My thought whose murder yet is but fantastical
Shakes so my single state of man . . ."

69. p. 26. Shakspere paints here and there the historic Brutus, but he suppresses much and for the most part gives us an ideal character, who interprets himself in his words, frequently in the manner of Hamlet, sometimes like Macbeth.

101. p. 28. Observe how rapidly time is made to move in this scene. We are not allowed to forget the inevitable swing of the pendulum and stroke of the clock, even though there were no striking clocks in Rome.

104. p. 28. Cf. Hamlet II, 2, l. 296. ". . . this majestical roof fretted with golden fire." *See* Glossary.

114. p. 28. face of men. . . . The very urgency in men's faces that might seem to demand relief from "this age's yoke."

156 ff. p. 30. Mark Antony. . . . Following the technical principles of construction, here in Act II begins the rise of the "counteraction" (See Structure of Play, p. 104), the error is made that wrecks all the conspirators' plans. To what does the dramatist attribute this sparing of Antony? Bear in mind that, for the dramatist's purpose, some such slip had to be made. In this case he found it ready to his hand in Plutarch's story of the murder. — Life of Brutus.

166. p. 30. not butchers. But compare Antony's words III, 1, l. 256;

". . . that I am meek and gentle with these butchers."

167. p. 30. Cæsar's spirit. Does this phrase answer Cassius' questions I, 2, l. 141 ff.?

The reader should observe that from this point the "Spirit" of Cæsar dominates the play and the players, as his name did in I, 2.

185 ff. p. 31. It would be a wonder if the gay Antony should die even of grief for so good a friend as Cæsar; rather we may expect him to laugh hereafter over the matter.

The historic Antony had indeed given some ground for such a judgment as this. He had been for some time in the party of opposition to Cæsar, and at the period presented in the play he had but recently been restored to favor. Though an ardent follower of Cæsar he could hardly be taken seriously as a tried and faithful partisan. *See* App. II on character of Antony (Faversham) (Booth).

209. p. 31. Let me work. In reading note the eloquent pause.

226. p. 32. Shakspere never forgets the stage. It is as if he would remind his audience that after all "the play's the thing." Just a bit of the not infrequent tragedy of the actor's life creeps in here.

262. p. 33. Elizabethan medicine. (*See* Glossary.)

In this scene Shakspere seems to be idealizing and yet he keeps close to Plutarch. How far the home life of Brutus and Portia seems withdrawn from the stir of "the faction!" See App. II for interpretations. Cf. in App. III, Life of Brutus, the parting of Brutus and Portia.

308. p. 35. Charactery. Cf. line 231, this scene.

332. p. 36. Note how this otherwise negligible incident, that might seem to have been dragged into the play simply because it was suggested by Plutarch's story, emphasizes a blind admiration for Brutus. "Blind leader of the blind."

Scene 2

Stage Direction (Booth), omit thunder and lightning.

Line 3 ff. p. 36. Foreshadowing lines.

The scene is devoted to showing the vulnerable weakness and the gentlemanly temper of Cæsar, contrasted with the brazen treachery of the conspirators. It would seem difficult to devise a means more effective than the "working" of Decius to bring the conspirators on the verge of success into a more "notable contempt."

9. p. 37. An arbitrary word of command, backed by hysterics. Calpurnia, like her failing husband, is moved by little things. Would Portia have spoken so to Brutus?

11. p. 37. *See* App. III for history. Cf. Antony's hint of the "day he overcame the Nervii." The historic facts are all in support of this line. What makes it tragic is that the words fall from the lips of a man prematurely aged, upon whom burdens were increasing while his physical strength and character were daily breaking.

129. p. 41. Brutus must be thought of as swept along by a fatal current, else he becomes here merely contemptible.

"A noble of ancient lineage, an enthusiastic student of art, literature, and philosophy, Brutus was one of those spoilt children of fortune who succeed in winning general admiration for achievements they have not yet performed. . . . Endowed with sobriety and continence, an unusual degree of austerity in his private habits, and a high disdain for vulgar ambitions, he had gained

a great reputation among his contemporaries." Ferrero. . . . II, p. 288.

Scene 3

A little scene, negligible in present-day staging of the play; but consider the dramatic reason for it. It puts the audience in possession of the one bit of knowledge that, if he had it, would save the victim from treachery.

On such little things the action of the play must hinge. Because of his love for Decius, Cæsar tells him that which opens the way for the traitor to "work"; because of his "honor" he fails to read the scroll of Artemidorus and so goes to his death.

Scene 4

Line 9. p. 43. Yet Portia succeeds in just this very thing. Cf. The Parting at Elea, App. III.

Act III, *Scene* 1

Line 26. p. 46. Note the indication of well-laid plans.

38. p. 46. The terms "pre-ordinance" and "first decree" have a theological sound. *See* Glossary. In contrast to these the law of children is mere lack of all law.

46. p. 47. Cf. in M. of V., I, 3, l. 110, "foot me as you spurn a stranger cur."

54. p. 47. Another short line and eloquent pause. What feeling do the words carry?

60. p. 47. Cf. Brutus' speech on ambition. II, 2.

68 ff. p. 47. Considering the enthusiasm Shakspere exhibited for the character of Cæsar, as evidenced by frequent references to him, one can hardly think but that in these lines the dramatist is speaking his own praise of Cæsar.

77. p. 48. Et tu, Brute. . . . Another Elizabethan stage "gag." Origin unknown.

105. p. 49. Cf. the following: . . . "death, the far-seeing liberator, had rescued Cæsar from an entanglement which not even he could have unravelled." Ferrero, II, p. 317.

112. p. 49. "The play" again. This is another tribute to the universal appeal of the story. Cf. in Hamlet, III, 2, l. 97.

Polonius: "I did enact Julius Cæsar; I was killed
i' th' Capitol; Brutus killed me."

117. p. 49. Cf. Hamlet. V, 1, l. 202 ff.

"Imperial Cæsar, dead and turn'd to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away;
O, that that earth, which kept the world in awe,
Should patch a wall t' expel the winter's flaw!"

177-8. p. 52. Observe, in reading, the change from Brutus' voicing of ideals to Cassius' practical propositions.

205. p. 52. Note that this whole passage is founded on a pun. Cf. in Twelfth Night, I, 1. The figure is suggested by Plutarch. (See App. III, The Assassination.)

212. p. 53. Mark Antony. How are these words spoken? A most interesting problem here is that of the "stage business" for Cassius. Sometimes he is represented as making passes at Antony with his sword, but restrained by Brutus. (*See* App. II, stage presentations of Cassius.)

225. p. 53. But compare this with Brutus' attempt to satisfy himself in II, 1.

271. p. 55. Cæsar's Spirit again. This dominance is the great reason for calling the play "Julius Cæsar."

293. p. 56. There shall I try, etc. . . . Test Antony's oration by this expressed purpose. Discover the means by which he "feels" the temper of the crowd before mastering them. Cf. in App. II on Faversham's "Antony."

297. p. 56. Several times the youth of Octavius is emphasized. He was nineteen at this period, but Antony, who was old enough to be his father, found him rather more than a match. *See* V, 1.

Scene 2

Line 13 ff. p. 56. A defensive position. Brutus assumes that his act needs defense. Is this a way of paying tribute to the honorable temper of Brutus? The speech is in the manner, restrained and direct, that Brutus is said to have affected. The speech is perfect in its kind, but there is no blood in it.

52. p. 58. A striking bit of biting irony. The spirit of Cæsar is thus called up. Brutus' spirit of sacrifice is ideally beautiful, but pitifully futile in this crisis.

85-86. p. 59. In reading, of course, the words must sound perfectly sincere. But note the tone of 155 below.

145. p. 61. Cf. with Marullus' speech in I, 1. Another "echo" in the play.

154-5-6. p. 61. In reading, note the vivid contrast between the oft-repeated and musical "wrong the honorable men" and the quick, sharp startle of "daggers have stabbed Cæsar." The reaction

from this line embitters every "honorable." The next line is notable. All the sarcasm that Antony has cunningly concealed suddenly bursts out in the full bitterness of the befooled populace speaking through the Fourth Citizen.

172. p. 62. Note again how Shakspere relieves with a story the strain of a long speech. (*See* App. III, "The Nervii.")

214. p. 63. Cf. Brutus, II, 1. "I know no personal cause . . . "

225 ff. p. 64. In reading, note the effect of a quiet, firm tone, lowering the pitch somewhat to the pause in line 227, then rising in intensity and pitch to the climax in line 231.

263. p. 65. The situation in this line furnishes the stage picture with which modern usage requires the scene to end.

273. p. 66. Bring me to Octavius. For the Elizabethan theater this served as a cue to clear the stage. At the same time, for reading, it serves to carry one forward to IV, 1, over a period of twenty months.

Scene 3

Another rough and tumble populace scene, usually omitted on the modern stage. It merely fills in a gap, without carrying the story forward. The luckless poet, who ought to have stayed at home, is an interesting figure in this play. Cf. the Quarrel Scene. Shakspere takes a good-natured "shy" at his own profession.

Act IV, *Scene* 1

Line 22. p. 69. Cf. Hamlet. . . . III, 1, ll. 76–7.

. . . "Who would these fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,"

37. p. 69. (*See* Glossary.) This is the folio reading and seems sufficiently clear.

Lepidus is always a little behind other folk; the interests others have thrown aside he finds fresh.

40. p. 69. Property here means a stage property. Lepidus is merely a piece of furniture for the play.

Scene 3

One of the famous episodes of the play. This scene became immediately popular. See the lines from L. Digges quoted on the title-page.

Line 18. p. 72. Here is a new point of view for the assassination. In reading this speech it must be observed that the emotion

of Brutus carries the voice up and down the scale, though it never escapes control. (*See* App. III. Brutus and Cassius at Sardis.)

28. p. 73. Shakspere well understood the "catch" of the sound of words under great emotion. Hence this word-play, upon "bay." Cf. Macbeth, II, 2, ll. 56–7.

> "I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal;
> For it must seem their guilt."

47. p. 74. The spleen was supposed to be the source of sudden, violent passion.

57. p. 74. Brutus must see that he has made a slip. Cassius had not said "better."

62. p. 74. To this there is no reply. Brutus again has the advantage.

71. p. 74. Would he have refused money raised by vile means?

94. p. 75. aweary. This is a word that Shakspere uses frequently, now charged with passion, again lightly. Cf. Macbeth, V, 5, l. 49, "I 'gin to be aweary of the sun"; and M. of V. I, 2, l. 1, "By my troth, Nerissa, my little body is aweary of this great world."

145 ff. p. 77. Brutus was a Stoic; Cassius professed the Epicurean philosophy.

(See App. III for the picture of Portia Brutus must have been carrying in his mind. "The Parting of Brutus and Portia.")

158. p. 78. Just once thus in the play. The words utter the very soul of Cassius.

167. p. 78. In reading this line every word must receive full time and emphasis.

182. ff. p. 79. The death of a Portia could not be easily dismissed. Without this consideration it is difficult to allow a reason for this passage which lays Brutus open to the charge of quibbling.

197 ff. p. 80. Another pivot on which the action swings, wrong again too for the conspirators.

227. p. 81. Note the passing of time.

267. p. 82. The song for Lucius in the Tent Scene has been lost. In its place, the following song, "Orpheus and His Lute," has been used, from Henry VIII, Act 3, Sc. 1.

> Orpheus with his lute made trees,
> And the mountain tops that freeze,
> Bow themselves, when he did sing:
> To his music plants and flowers
> Ever sprung; as sun and showers
> There had made a lasting spring.

Everything that heard him play,
Even the billows of the sea,
Hung their heads, and then lay by.
In sweet music is such art,
Killing care and grief of heart
Fall asleep, or hearing, die.

280. p. 83. The Spirit of Cæsar. Observe how the rest of the scene is managed to make it clear that the ghost is for Brutus alone. So in Plutarch. *See* App. III.

Act V, *Scene* 1

Line 1. p. 85. The lines look backward, as a means of linking the scene to others preceding. *See* Time Schedule of the Play, p. 100.

39. p. 86. The Assassination story again. Note the vivid details added to the picture of that event. The scene serves to call up old scores and makes a fight necessary on purely personal grounds, the "general good" clean forgotten.

75. p. 88. Epicurus . . . and his opinion, — namely, that apparitions and signs are explainable as creations of the senses that deceive, and so are not anything real.

99. p. 89. This passage is unclear because of an error in North's translation of Plutarch from the French, and possibly an error in Shakspere's reading of North's translation. Brutus here gives the principles he *had* held; then in answer to Cassius' next query states his present mind.

112. p. 89. "Cæsar's death began a great crisis." Ferrero, II, p. 309.

Scene 3

Line 23. p. 91. Time is come round. . . . Thus the dramatist justifies his catastrophe. The wheel has come full circle, and we are satisfied.

94. p. 94. A further step in the dramatist's reminding us that the forces called up in the play are doing their complete work. The Spirit of Cæsar.

109. p. 94. ere night. Twenty days are summed up in this phrase.

Scene 5

Line 35. p. 97. This line finally marks Brutus as an observer and student of men rather than an actor in practical affairs.

50. p. 98. Cf. Cassius' question in I, 2, "What should be in that Cæsar?"

75. p. 99. a man. Too frequently this line is read to connote perfection. But certainly there is a certain pathos about the failure of the man who came so near the ideal. Cf. the feeling in the following passages:

Hamlet III, 4, ll. 60–62.

"A combination and a form indeed,
Where every god did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man."

I, 2, l. 187.

"He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again."

II, 2, l. 298. "What a piece of work is a man!"

See App. III, Antony's Judgment of Brutus.

APPENDIX I

READING THE PLAY

Throughout this play the main distinctions between the actors in dialogue are simple, broad, and fundamental. For class reading the more subtle points may be ignored, save as the students find these out for themselves. Hence the assignment of "parts" may be undertaken with little misgiving on the teacher's part. The first study should be directed to pointing out what the characters are *doing* in the various situations. Then the pupil may be led to let his breathing and words respond to this "doing." In proper breathing lies freedom, and the control necessary to convey the picture to an audience.

For example, in I, 1, the breathing of the confident, authoritative Flavius and Marullus is deeper and fuller than that of the somewhat bold but doubtful cobbler: their voices are fuller than that of the quibbling workman. Again, in the famous dialogue between Cassius and Brutus in I, 2, eagerness marks Cassius; his voice runs over a wide range of pitch as well as quality, from hesitant feeling of Brutus' temper, through satisfaction in his success, to fiery denunciation. The plain, cynical prose of Casca in this same scene draws no deep breath, expands no chest muscles. On the other hand his lines in I, 3, must not be read breathlessly, for this would simply make him ridiculous and tell no such fearful story as the scene is intended to convey.

Practice of this sort will develop the "feeling" for the meaning of the speeches, which must clothe the bones of line and word study. All this is as much as to say that in reading the play one must remember that, among other things not directly indicated by the printed word, changes of pitch, pauses, and inflections convey the reader's meaning to the auditor.

THE STAGE PICTURE

This includes the scenery or setting, and the characters, single or in groups, in their various positions. For class purposes, and indeed for more formal presentations of Shaksperean plays in the

school, the stage setting should be very simple. A neutral background formed by a "back drop" or by curtains at the rear of the stage, with such simple pieces of furniture as are obviously called for in the piece, will suffice.

The people are on the stage to do something. The words and sentences are first of all to suggest and reinforce this action in sending the story home to the audience, and in arousing their emotion. The speaking is flat unless the appropriate action go with it. Certain relations of position are proper then to set this action forward. In general, the front of the stage (down-stage) is the foreground of the picture. Toward the center front the striking, climactic scenes naturally focus. Here is the point of contact, for instance, between the tribunes and the crowd, I, 1.

In I, 2, Cæsar and Antony occupy for a moment the foreground; then it passes to Brutus and Cassius; finally Cassius alone, determined, vindictive, fatal, holds the stage. Such distribution of the minor characters as will give a "balanced" look to the stage should be made, allowing for the positions demanded by the action and for changes of position. For instance, if in II, 1, when the curtain rises, Brutus is discovered seated at one side of the stage, room is made for his meeting Cassius in the center stage; then, as the two withdraw into the background, the other conspirators are in such positions as their speeches demand. Similarly in III, 1, if Cæsar's seat be at the left or right of the front stage, with the senators ranged at the other side and rear (up-stage), room is left for the petitioning conspirators to approach in full view of the audience, and if, when Cæsar comes down from his place and falls, he lies at center front, the effective position is secured for Antony during his speech over the body.

In the tent of Brutus, IV, 3, the little incident of the sleepy Lucius is so subtly important to light up the character of Brutus that there is great propriety in arranging the stage so that he is well in the foreground, while from the shadowy background the Spirit of Cæsar rises.

Due attention should be given to using the class to make up the crowd and the processions, of which there are several. The crowd must follow cues. In no way can the background of the scenes be better taught. During the speech of Antony to the mob they may well be circled around the front of the platform from which he speaks. When he comes down to show "sweet Cæsar's wounds" he approaches the foreground and is there left alone with the body at the close of the scene.

Nowadays this stage picture to close the scene is almost a neces-

sity, and the suggested cutting of the text in this edition has been made with regard for this modern convention. In this point our theater differs materially from the Elizabethan, where, no curtain being used, the stage had to be cleared at the end of each group of actions.

Suggestions for stage setting and "business" will be found in App. II. For these purposes, too, the reading of the Lives of Cæsar and Brutus, in Plutarch, cannot be too thorough.

An excellent summary of appropriate costume is to be found in the Booth Prompt Book, Appendix to "Brutus." Even though the play be not staged, the study of this topic is most helpful in securing good visualizing of the scenes.

APPENDIX II

STAGE HISTORY; CHARACTER INTERPRETATIONS

Shakspere's "Julius Cæsar," both for the play as a whole and for two or three particular scenes, appears to have become immediately popular. The theme had been used frequently before 1600, in England and France. The earliest performance in England of which we have record is of a play, "Julyus Sesar" in 1562. In 1582 a Latin play on the subject was acted at Oxford. Other plays there were on the subject of Cæsar or Cæsar and Pompey. But all these are lost, so it is impossible to determine Shakspere's indebtedness to them. Possibly the reference in III, 1, l. 112 ff. to the popularity of the scene is prompted by the numerous plays in vogue.

In France a young scholar by the name of Muret produced a "Julius Cæsar" of about 600 lines in 1544. He was followed by Grevin in 1558. MacCallum, in *Roman Plays and Their Background*, points out that the elements of motive and action used by Muret are very nearly identical with those used by Shakspere. No real connection is traceable between these plays, but the analysis of Muret is interesting as suggesting that a very great deal of the framework of Shakspere's play may have become traditional by the time he was ready to take the theme in hand. The analysis follows:

The self-conscious magnanimity of Cæsar,
The temporary hesitation of Brutus,
The letters of the populace,
The courage of Portia,
The final whole-heartedness of Brutus,
The prohibition of the killing of Antony,
The vindictiveness of Cassius,
Calpurnia's dream,
The contest with Decius Brutus,
The fatal decision,
The blood-stained swords,
The balance between sympathy for Brutus and for Cæsar.

MacCallum points out also that in a play, "Cornelie," by Garnier,

produced in France in 1574, the subject of a conversation between Brutus and Cassius is the same as that in Shakspere's play, I, 2, and that the action in the scenes is similar. Here too, however, it is impossible to trace certain connection. Moreover the material noted is all emphasized in Plutarch. Indeed, these coincidences may be looked upon as tributes to the fine instinct and skill of the great Greek biographer.

Several plays on the subject have been produced since 1600, but none has maintained a place with Shakspere's. Sir Henry Herbert, Master of the Revels from 1623 to 1642, left a record in which "Julius Cæsar" appears as the only Shaksperean play performed during those years. The records are incomplete, but they make it clear that this play shared with one or two others the Shaksperean part of the repertoire of the King's Company at the Theatre Royal from 1660 to 1830. From 1774 to the present year (1913) a notable list of actors have appeared in the parts of Brutus, Cassius, and Antony.

Junius Brutus Booth made the part of Cassius famous. William Winter in the Booth Prompt Book quotes from Gould, "The Tragedian," on his performance of the part in Boston, 1837 (?): [1] "His Cassius was signalized by one action of characteristic excellence and originality. After Cæsar had been encompassed and stabbed by the conspirators, and lay extended on the floor of the senate house, Booth strode right across the dead body and out of the scene in silent and disdainful triumph."

Another great English actor, Macready, was regarded as pre-eminent in Cassius. In his diary is an interesting record of his experiences with the characters of both Cassius and Brutus.

1818–19. "This year I studied, in 'Julius Cæsar,' the 'lean and wrinkled Cassius,' a part in the representation of which I have, through my professional life, taken a peculiar pleasure, as one among Shakspere's most perfect specimens of idiosyncrasy." Later he speaks of the "eager ambition, the keen penetration, and the restless envy of the determined conspirator." In 1836 he says of Brutus, "It never can be a part that can inspire a person with an eager desire to go to a theatre to see it represented." But in 1851 he has the following: "Acted Brutus as I never, no never, — acted it before, in regard to dignified familiarity of language or enthusiastic inspiration of lofty purpose. The tenderness, the reluctance to deeds of violence, the instinctive abhorrence of tyranny, the open

[1] Furness, in the New Variorum, gives the first Boston performance as in the Boston Theatre in 1856.

simplicity of heart, and natural grandeur of soul, I never so perfectly, so consciously portrayed before. I think the audience felt it."

Of Lawrence Barrett in Cassius, Winter says, "He pervaded the play like the indomitable and remorseless figure of fate." Barrett was seen in this part in New York in one hundred presentations in 1876.

The same great critic says of Edwin Booth: "Edwin Booth's presentment of Julius Cæsar was one of the most impressive spectacles ever seen upon the stage. First given on Christmas night, 1871, and continued until March 16, 1872, the tragedy was kept before the New York public for twelve weeks, and it had eighty-five consecutive representations. Edwin Booth was seen as Brutus, Antony, and Cassius. . . . Booth's Cassius was comet-like, rushing, and terrible — not lacking in human emotion, but colored with something sinister. In Cassius he used the "business" of striding with heedless preoccupation across the head of the dead Cæsar. . . . (*See* above on J. B. Booth.) . . . In depicting Brutus — his ideal gentleman — Shakspere made a wonderfully keen and pathetic exposition of internal conflicts. . . . One of the most striking qualities of his (Booth's) assumption of Brutus was the lofty and lovely chivalry of his manner toward Portia. . . . Booth depicted Antony as a person of politic, reckless, somewhat treacherous nature, yet resolute, strong, and fierce."

In 1898 Sir Beerbohm Tree produced the play most sumptuously at His Majesty's Theatre in London.

In this production the play was arranged in three acts:

Act I to Act III, 1, formed the first act, of five scenes.

The Forum Scene, III, 2, formed the second act.

The scene in Brutus' tent and those on the Plains of Philippi together formed the third act, of two scenes.

"The scenery was an exquisite picture of vanished Rome, designed by Sir Alma-Tadema. Temple and palace, street and forum were revealed aglow with Italian color. . . . The Public Place of the opening scene (1–3 in this text) was happily chosen for its associations with the great Dictator. It was the Forum of Julius with the Temple of Venus Genetrix seen through a vast arch of triumph spanning the front of the stage. Cæsar laid out this space at vast cost, and built the temple to the tutelary goddess of the Julian house which traced its descent from Iulus, the son of Æneas, the son of Venus. In the center of the Forum stood a bronze statue of Cæsar 'decked with ceremony' and flanked by trees. In the background the roof of the Temple of Jupiter Capi-

tolinus rose against the sky. The crowd was a many-colored group, in which the sober tints of the workmen's tunics and short-hooded mantles set off the bright dresses of rich bystanders and the pomp of the imperial procession. Cæsar entered in royal state, accompanied by guards and standard-bearers and the actual pageantry of a Roman triumph, by Senators in red and white togas, and bands of lictors with the fasces (axes tied in bundles of rods, symbolizing the magistrate's power of life and death). He wore the kingly dress, which irritated the republican faction, a robe of claret red silk with an amethyst-colored toga, and a laurel wreath (used on the plea of hiding baldness), and he carried an eagle-topped sceptre. Calpurnia had a robe of pale blue, and a sapphire 'palla' figured with gold lilies, and she wore a crown of roses. Antony in this scene was equipped as a runner for the Lupercalia with the goat-skin cincture, and had a dappled fawn-skin hanging from his shoulder. As the procession passed out on its way to the games, a girl from a house by the archway flung at Cæsar's feet a handful of red roses, and he started back at the omen of blood. It was a Roman touch, and not only recalled the Tribune's anger at strewing

> 'flowers in his way
> That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood,'

but it preluded very daintily Decius Brutus's comment upon Cæsar's being 'superstitious grown of late.' Antony, however, took the omen very differently. He caught a rose as he passed, and when the procession re-entered he came in caressing two girls, one of whom had flung him the rose. It was these two girls who afterwards induced the foremost of the mob to give him a hearing in the Forum scene. Twice the procession crossed the stage."

In the garden scene. . . . "Brutus sat for the opening of the speech, 'It must be by his death'; then rose as he continued it and leaned meditatively against a pillar.

"Portia's dress was pure white, in which the only touch of color was a turquoise and silver clasp. . . .

. . . "The Public Street was very beautiful. Pillared buildings in the foreground; then a row of shops with lowered sun-blinds led to a distant archway with Ionic pilasters and massive entablature. Across the street ran a line of those curious stepping-stones still to be seen at Pompeii, to enable passengers to cross in bad weather. . . .

"The Senate House. . . . The curtain rose upon some senators seated in tiers of circular seats on either side, with a throne raised

high and steps in the centre, and behind this a canopied and pillared balcony in which the archivists sat. Cæsar entered in procession, escorted by his murderers. They took their seats at the sides; then rose one by one and knelt before him, each moving nearer as he supported Cimber. When Casca struck, Cæsar sprang to his feet, then half-defending himself rushed down the steps, stabbed by each man as he passed, and meeting with outstretched hands Brutus, who waited at the foot. . . .

"Gathering round the body, the conspirators reddened their hands in blood — a graphic touch usually omitted in acting copies. After Antony's entrance . . . as each one 'rendered him his bloody hand,' the blunt Casca wiped off the stains on Antony's wrist, and he repressed a rising look of horror. So his eyes flashed with a momentary gleam of passion as Cassius, at the line, 'Brutus, a word with you,' stepped over Cæsar's body in his haste to move across." (Cf. J. B. Booth, etc. *See* above.) — PERCY SIMPSON. Quoted in Mark Hunter's edition of J. C. and in the New Variorum.

RICHARD MANSFIELD'S BRUTUS

Mansfield produced the play in 1902.

"His aspect, upon his first appearance, was that of a man intensely preoccupied, almost dazed, with the conflict of distracting, harrowing thoughts. The face was pale, the eyes were sunken and hollow. In the Garden Scene the voice was peculiarly tremulous and distressful, till at the close of that trying ordeal, and again in the Senate Scene it became stern and solemn, as if with a terrible resolution, the access of fanaticism. When striking at Cæsar he delivered a perfunctory stroke, and momentarily seemed to recoil from the deed — in that particular following the precedent of Edwin Booth. His aspect, immediately after the assassination, became that of a man absolutely insane. . . . His delivery of the vindicatory speech to the people was colloquial." — WILLIAM WINTER. "Life and Art of Richard Mansfield," Vol. I, p. 161 ff.

WILLIAM FAVERSHAM'S PRODUCTION, 1912

"The scenes are ablaze with color. In the whole scheme of decoration the color of that Oriental influence which was permeating Rome, and which ultimately was to work its destruction, is felt.

"This opening scene is riotous with the merry-making of the participants in the Lupercalian games and of thronging onlookers. Dancing girls and acrobats flash across the stage. Music sounds,

and troops of soldiers, some of them in clanking armor, and some hooded in undressed skins of beasts, escort notables to the games. Laughter, ribaldry and monkey tricks usher in the tragedy.

"In the senate chamber to the left of the stage as you face it is the throne of Cæsar, overshadowed by the statue of Pompey. To the right the benches of the senators rise in four lofty tiers, and, when the chamber fills, those benches are occupied by more than three-score white-robed figures. In the background are vistas of courts and corridors bright with gilding and flaming with color. . . . Clouds of incense float beneath the ponderous ceilings. The stage trembles under the tread of soldiers, and the senators visit in animated groups pending the coming of Cæsar.

"To command silence for the hearing of petitions an officer of the senate strikes thrice upon metal with a mallet."

In the Tent Scene. "The massive folds of the tent fill the entire width and height of the stage with color that shifts with the movement of the torches from a Gobelin hue to deep, illusive green. The Roman lamps burning with languid, bluish flames, the gleam of burnished armor and crimson trappings, and the compact group of generals poring over their dispatches combine to produce an historical painting of the highest impressiveness."

Faversham as Antony, in the Forum.

"He wrestles with the mob, wrestles with every phrase, and with the phrases he slowly beats down the mob — beats it with rhetorical questions and swift argumentative thrusts, the inspiration for which he seems to find in the upturned faces. Always he is wary, always beneath the fluency is anxious calculation of the effect upon the crowd. The words, 'Here was a Cæsar . . .' are released in a wild, exultant cry." — James O. Bennett, in the "Chicago Record-Herald," October 20, 1912. Quoted also and more fully in the New Variorum.

The names of Edwin Forrest, as Antony, and Edmund Kean, as Brutus, must be added to this list.

In the present year (1913) Robert Mantell, playing Brutus, and Tyrone Power, playing Antony, are also giving notable productions of the play.

The Booth Prompt Book, which represents Edwin Booth's arrangement of the play, divides the whole into six acts, which correspond roughly to the six days of the dramatic time.

Act I = Act I, 1 and 2
Act II = Act II, 1 and 2
Act III = Act III, 1

Act IV = Act III, 2
Act V = Act IV, 2 and 3
Act VI = Act V, omitting 2

The arrangement involves other minor cuttings and transpositions, some of which are marked in the notes to this edition.

APPENDIX III

SELECTIONS FROM PLUTARCH: LIVES OF CÆSAR AND BRUTUS

THE ILL HEALTH OF CÆSAR

"For concerning the constitution of his body, he was lean, white and soft-skinned, and often subject to headache, and otherwhile to the falling sickness (the which took him the first time, as it is reported, in Corduba, a city of Spain): but yet therefore yielded not to the disease of his body, to make it a cloak to cherish him withal, but contrarily, took the pains of war as a medicine to cure his sick body, fighting always with his disease, travelling continually, living soberly, and commonly lying abroad in the field."

Note: Suetonius says Cæsar was tall, fair, well-formed, and had rather a full face, and black eyes.

THE NERVII

"That day he overcame the Nervii." III, 2, l. 175

"Cæsar being advertised that the Belgae (which were the warlikest men of all the Gauls, and that occupied the third part of Gaul) were all up in arms, and had raised a great power of men together: he straight made towards them with all possible speed, and found them spoiling and over-running the country of the Gauls, their neighbors, and confederates of the Romans. So he gave them battle, and, they fighting cowardly, he overthrew the most part of them which were in a troop together, and slew such a number of them, that the Romans passed over deep rivers and lakes afoot upon their dead bodies, the rivers were so full of them. After this overthrow, they that dwelt nearest unto the seaside, and were next neighbors unto the ocean, did yield themselves without any compulsion or fight: whereupon, he led his army against the Nervians, the stoutest warriors of all the Belgae. They, dwelling

in the wood country, had conveyed their wives, children, and goods into a marvellous great forest, as far from their enemies as they could: and being about the number of six-score thousand fighting men and more, they came one day and set upon Cæsar, when his army was out of order, and fortifying of his camp, little looking to have fought that day. At the first charge they brake the horsemen of the Romans, and compassing in the twelfth and seventh legion, they slew all the centurions and captains of the bands. And had not Cæsar self taken his shield on his arm, made a lane through them that fought before him: and the tenth legion also, seeing him in danger, run unto him from the top of the hill where they stood in battle, and broken the ranks of their enemies: there had not a Roman escaped alive that day. But, taking example of Cæsar's valiantness, they fought desperately beyond their power, and yet could not make the Nervians fly, but they fought it out to the death, till they were all in manner slain in the field. It is written that of three-score thousand fighting men there escaped only but five hundred: and of four hundred gentlemen and counsellors of the Romans but three saved. The Senate understanding it at Rome ordained that they should do sacrifice unto the gods, and keep feasts and solemn processions fifteen days together without intermission, having never made the like ordinance at Rome for any victory that ever was obtained."

THE LUPERCALIA

After telling of one occasion, among others, when Cæsar offended the Senate and the people and, going home, offered to let any one who would come and cut his throat, and then excused his folly by saying that "their wits are not perfect that have his disease of the falling evil, when standing of their feet they speak to the common people, but are soon troubled with a trembling of their body, and a sudden dimness and giddiness," Plutarch tells of the Feast of the Lupercalia.

"At that time the feast Lupercalia was celebrated, the which in old time men say was the feast of shepherds, or herdmen, and is much like unto the feast of the Lycaeans in Arcadia. But howsoever it is, that day there are divers noblemen's sons, young men (and some of them Magistrates themselves that govern them) which run naked through the city, striking in sport them they meet in their way with leather thongs, hair and all on, to make them give place. And many noblewomen and gentlewomen also go of purpose to stand in their way, and do put forth their hands to be

stricken, as scholars hold them out to their schoolmaster to be stricken with the ferula; persuading themselves that, being with child, they shall have good delivery, and also, being barren, that it will make them to conceive with child. Cæsar sat to behold that sport upon the pulpit for orations, in a chair of gold, apparelled in triumphing manner. Antonius, who was Consul at that time, was one of them that ran this holy course. So, when he came into the market place, the people made a lane for him to run at liberty, and he came to Cæsar, and presented to him a Diadem wreathed about with laurel. Whereupon there rose a certain cry of rejoicing, not very great, done only by a few appointed for the purpose. But when Cæsar refused the Diadem, then all the people together made an outcry of joy. Then, Antonius offering it him again, there was a second shout of joy, but yet of a few. But when Cæsar refused it again the second time, then all the whole people shouted. Cæsar, having made this proof, found that the people did not like of it, and thereupon rose out of his chair, and commanded the crown to be carried unto Jupiter in the Capitol. After that there were set up images of Cæsar in the city with Diadems upon their heads like kings. Those the two Tribunes, Flavius and Marullus, went and pulled down; and furthermore, meeting with them that first saluted Cæsar as king, they committed them to prison. . . . Cæsar was so offended withal, that he deprived Flavius and Marullus of their Tribuneships. . . .

"Cæsar also had Cassius in great jealousy and suspected him much: whereupon he said on a time to his friends, 'What will Cassius do, think ye? I like not his pale looks. . . . As for those fat men and smooth-combed heads,' quoth he, 'I never reckon of them: but those pale-visaged and carrion lean people, I fear them most': meaning Brutus and Cassius."

THE ASSASSINATION

The immediate circumstances of the murder are narrated thus: "Now Antonius, that was a faithful friend to Cæsar, and a valiant man besides, of his hands, him Decius Brutus Albinus entertained out of the Senate house, having begun a long tale of set purpose. So, Cæsar coming into the house, all the Senate stood up on their feet to do him honor. Then part of Brutus' company and confederates stood round about Cæsar's chair, and part of them also came towards him, as though they made suit with Metellus Cimber, to call home his brother again from banishment: and thus, prosecuting still their suit, they followed Cæsar, till he was set in his

chair. Who, denying their petitions, and being offended with them one after another, because the more they were denied, the more they pressed upon him, and were the earnester with him: Metellus at length, taking his gown with both his hands, pulled it over his neck, which was the sign given the confederates to set upon him. Then Casca behind him strake him in the neck with his sword: howbeit the wound was not great nor mortal, because, it seemed, the fear of such a devilish attempt did amaze him, and take his strength from him, that he killed him not at the first blow. But Cæsar, turning straight unto him, caught hold of his sword, and held it hard: and they both cried out, Cæsar in Latin: 'O vile traitor Casca, what doest thou?' And Casca in Greek to his brother, 'Brother, help me.' At the beginning of this stir, they that were present, not knowing of the conspiracy, were so amazed with the horrible sight they saw, that they had no power to fly, neither to help him, not so much as once to make any outcry. They on the other side that had conspired his death compassed him in on every side with their swords drawn in their hands, that Cæsar turned him nowhere but he was stricken at by some, and still had naked swords in his face, and was hacked and mangled among them, as a wild beast taken of hunters. . . . Men report also that Cæsar did still defend himself against the rest, running every way with his body: but when he saw Brutus with his sword drawn in his hand, then he pulled his gown over his head, and made no more resistance, and was driven either casually or purposedly by the counsel of the conspirators against the base whereupon Pompey's image stood, which ran all of a gore-blood till he was slain."

OF CASSIUS AND HIS MOTIVES

"For Cassius even from his cradle could not abide any manner of tyrants, as it appeared when he was but a boy, and went unto the same school that Faustus the son of Sulla did. And Faustus, bragging among other boys, highly boasted of his father's kingdom: Cassius rose up on his feet, and gave him two good whirts on the ear. Faustus' governors would have put this matter in suit against Cassius: but Pompey would not suffer them, but caused the two boys to be brought before him, and asked them how the matter came to pass. Then Cassius, as it is written of him, said unto the other: 'Go to, Faustus, speak again, and thou darest before this nobleman here, the same words that made me angry with thee, that my fists may walk once again about thine ears.' Such was Cassius' hot, stirring nature."

THE PARTING OF BRUTUS AND PORTIA.

"Brutus seeing the state of Rome would be utterly overthrown, he determined to go out of Italy, and went afoot through the country of Luke unto the city of Elea, standing by the sea. There Porcia, being ready to depart from her husband Brutus and to return to Rome, did what she could to dissemble the grief and sorrow she felt at her heart: but a certain painted table betrayed her in the end, although until that time she always shewed a constant and patient mind. The device of the table was taken out of the Greek stories, how Andromache accompanied her husband Hector, when he went out of the city of Troy to go to the wars, and how Hector delivered her his little son, and how her eyes were never off him. Porcia seeing this picture, and likening herself to be in the same case, she fell a-weeping: and coming thither often times in a day to see it, she wept still. Acilius, one of Brutus' friends, perceiving that, rehearsed the verses Andromache speaketh to this purpose in Homer:

Thou, Hector, art my father, and my mother, and my brother,
And husband eke, and all in all: I mind not any other.

Then Brutus, smiling, answered again: 'But yet I cannot for my part say unto Porcia, as Hector answered Andromache in the same place of the poet:

Tush, meddle thou with weighing duly out
Thy maids their task, and pricking on a clout.

For indeed the weak constitution of her body doth not suffer her to perform in shew the valiant acts that we are able to do: but, for courage and constant mind, she shewed herself as stout in the defence of her country, as any of us.'"

A MEETING OF BRUTUS AND CASSIUS IN SARDIS

"Now, as it commonly happeneth in great affairs between two persons, both of them having many friends and so many captains under them, there ran tales and complaints betwixt them. Therefore before they fell in hand with any other matter, they went into a little chamber together, and bade every man avoid, and did shut the doors to them. Then they began to pour out their complaints one to the other, and grew hot and loud, earnestly accusing one another, and at length fell both a-weeping. . . . One Marcus Favonius (a Cynic Philosopher) . . . in despite of the doorkeepers, came into the chamber, and with a certain scoffing and mocking

gesture which he counterfeited of purpose, he rehearsed the verses which old Nestor said in Homer:

> 'My lords, I pray you hearken both to me,
> For I have seen moe years than suchie three.'

Cassius fell a-laughing at him: but Brutus thrust him out of the chamber, and called him dog, and counterfeit Cynic. . . . The next day after, Brutus, upon complaint of the Sardians, did condemn and noted Lucius Pella for a defamed person, that had been a Praetor of the Romans, and whom Brutus had given charge unto: for that he was accused and convicted of robbery and pilfery in office. This judgment much misliked Cassius: because he himself had secretly (not many days before) warned two of his friends, attainted and convicted of the like offences, and openly had cleared them . . . he greatly reproved Brutus, for that he would shew himself so straight and severe, in such a time as was meeter to bear a little, than to take things at the worst. Brutus in contrary manner answered, that he should remember the Ides of March, at which time they slew Julius Cæsar: who neither pilled nor polled the country, but only was a favorer and suborner of all them that did rob and spoil by his countenance and authority."

BRUTUS AND THE GHOST

"Brutus was a careful man, and slept very little, both for that his diet was moderate, as because he was continually occupied. He never slept in the daytime, and in the night no longer than the time he was driven to be alone, and when everybody else took their rest . . . if he had any leisure left him he would read some book till the third watch of the night. . . . So being ready to go into Europe, one night very late (when all the camp took quiet rest) as he was in his tent with a little light, thinking of weighty matters: he thought he heard one come in to him, and casting his eye towards the door of his tent, that he saw a wonderful strange and monstrous shape of a body coming towards him, and said never a word. So Brutus boldly asked what he was, a god or a man, and what cause brought him thither. The spirit answered him, 'I am thy evil spirit, Brutus: and thou shalt see me by the city of Philippi.' Brutus, being no otherwise afraid, replied again unto it: 'Well, then I shall see thee again.' The spirit presently vanished away, and Brutus called his men unto him, who told him that they heard no noise, nor saw anything at all."

ANTONY'S JUDGMENT OF BRUTUS

. . . "It was said that Antonius spake it openly divers times, that he thought that of all them that had slain Cæsar there was none but Brutus only, that was moved to do it as thinking the act commendable of itself; but that all the other conspirators did conspire his death for some private malice or envy, that they otherwise did bear unto him."

GLOSSARY

Abide, endure the consequences of, pay for, suffer.
Addressed, made ready, prepared.
Aim, idea, conjecture, guess (n.).
Alive, in (on) life, as living men.
And, if (sense indicated by context), frequently printed "an'" in modern texts.
Angel, attendant spirit, guardian, best beloved.
Apprehensive, intelligent, quick, sharp.
Arrive (trans. v.), come to, reach (a place).
Art, learning (something acquired, as opposed to natural quality).

Bear (hard), to hold a grudge against, be ill-disposed toward.
Bend, glance (n.).
Bloods, offspring, clans.
Brooked, tolerated, put up with.
But (adv.), only, merely.

Calculate, interpret (prophesy).
Cautelous, crafty, deceitful.
Ceremonies, wreaths or scarfs, indicating pomp or "ceremony"; also portents, omens.
Chafing, striking against (particularly used of the sea).
Change, turn pale or blush (frequently in Shakspere).
Chew, to consider (frequently so, as in mod. slang).
Chopped, chapped (a common vowel-change).
Clean, entirely.
Climate, region of the earth, clime.
Cobble, to mend clumsily.
Cobbler, (1) a shoemaker, (2) a bungler, unskilled workman.
Cognizance, a sign, as a coat of arms.
Conceited (p.p.), conceived, understood, apprehended.
Conceptions, ideas (in S. and Eliz. Eng. the figure of birth was very prominent in the word, ideas new-born).
Constant, firm.
Construe, interpret.

Couchings, subservient bowings.
Cull, select or choose.
Custom, habitual practice or common sight.
Cynic, sneering faultfinder, dog, no flatterer.

Danger, power to inflict injury; harm, damage.
Difference, conflicting quality.

Earns, grieves.
Envious, prompted by ill-will.
Eruptions, disturbances, strange outbreaks of any kind.

Faction, a party (always with the sense of selfish, mischievous ends).
Factious, actively partisan (cf. above, Faction).
Fantasies, fancies.
Fantasy, imagination.
Favor, appearance (personal).
Fleering, flattering, false.
Fret, adorn (especially a ceiling), mark with streaks, lace.

Given (well), disposed.
Glazed, stared (obs).
Growing (on), going toward.

Heap, a crowd, close-packed.
High, important.
High-sighted, haughty.
Humor, temper, mood; moisture, fluid; in ancient medicine, certain humors (fluids) were held to cause moods.
Hurtled, rushed, clashed as in conflict.

Indifferently, with equal regard, without prejudice.
Instances, urgency, earnestness.
Issue, action.

Jades, worn-out horses.
Jealous, suspicious.
Jigging, light, frivolous.

Lethe, death (?) stream (of blood) bearing toward oblivion. The sense here is conjecture. Lethe was the stream of forgetfulness in the lower world.

Liable, subject to.
Love, Lover, in Elizabethan sense of friend.

Marred, disfigured, mutilated.
Marry, by Mary (an oath).
Makes to, goes toward.
Mechanical, of trades, mechanics.
Melting, feeling tenderness.
Mettle (variant spelling, metal), temperament, spirit, quality (of spirit).
Moe, more, as applied to numbers, not to quantity.
Monstrous, unnatural, terrible.

Naughty (knave), mischievous (fellow).
Neat's (leather), cowhide (neat cattle).
Nice, little, unimportant.
Niggard, to put off with little, to stint.
Noted, stigmatized as guilty.

Orchard, garden.

Passion, feeling (in general).
Path (v.), go forth.
Phantasma, nightmare.
Pitch, flight (as a falcon).
Pre-ordinance, laws fixed from the beginning, as if law of God. Cf. predestination.
Proceeding, career, advancement.
Proof, saying, proverb, tested experience.
Proper, well-formed, comely; belonging to, (one's) own.
Protester, newly-made, untried comrade.

Quick, lively.

Rank, diseased from over-feeding, haughty, proud, offensive.
Rascal, common, wretched, mean.
Repealing, recalling (n.).
Resolved, satisfied upon a matter in question.
Respect, comparison, heed, rank.
Retentive, having power to hold.
Rout, mixed, disorderly crowd.
Rumor, clamor, outcry.

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Sad, serious, or grieved, worried.
Secret, sharing or keeping secrets.
Served, taken care of.
Shows, evidences, acts.
Shrewdly, exactly, well.
Soft (as interjection), hold on! not so fast!
Stale, make tiresome and commonplace, old.
Stand upon, (are) concerned about, think important.
Stare (of the hair), stand up.
Sway (of earth), the established earth.
Testy, headstrong, irritable.
These and these, such and such.

Unbraced, loose (toga loosened at the shoulder).
Unmeritable, undeserving.

Whe'er, whether.
Whet, stir, incite.
Wind, turn (said of horses).
Worldly, (bars) physical.

Yoke, oppression.

Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process.
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide
Treatment Date: Feb. 2009

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